

# Madagascar; VVITH OTHER Poems.

*The second Edition.*

BY

W. DAVENANT Knight.

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IF  
THESE POEMS LIVE,  
MAY  
THEIR MEMORIES,  
BY WHOM  
THEY WERE CHERISH'D,  
*END. PORTER, H. IARMTN,*  
LIVE WITH THEM.





To my worthy Friend Mr. *W*il-  
*liam Davenant*; upon his Poem of  
*Madagascar*, which he writ to the most  
Illustrious Prince *R V P E R T*.

**I** Am compell'd by your commands to write  
I'th Frontis-peece of this, and sure I might  
With quaint conceits, here to the World set forth  
The merit of the Poem, and your worth ;  
Had I well fancy'd reasons to begin ;  
And a choyce Mould, to cast good verses in :  
But wanting these, what power (alas) have I  
To write of any thing ? will men rely  
On my opinion ? which in Verse, or Prose,  
Hath just that credit, which we give to those  
That sagely whisper, secrets of the Court.  
Having but *Lees*, for *Essence*, from Report.  
And that's the knowledge which belongs to me ;  
For by what's said, I gusse at Poetrie :  
As when I heare them read strong-lines I cry :  
Th'are rare, but cannot tell you rightly why :  
And now I finde this quality was it,  
That made some Poet cite me for a wit :

Now God forgive him for that huge mistake !  
If he did know, but with what paines I make  
A Verse, hee'ld pittie then my wretched case ;  
For at the birth of each, I twist my Face,  
As if I drew a Tooth ; I blot, and write,  
Then looke as pale, as some that goe to fight :  
With the whole Kennell of the Alphabet,  
I hunt sometimes an houre, one Riine to get :  
What I approv'd of once, I streight deny,  
Like an unconstant Prince, then give the lye  
To my owne invention, which is so poore,  
As here I'de kisse your hands, and say no more ;  
Had I not seene a childe with Sizors cut,  
A folded Paper, unto which was put  
More chance, than skill, yet when you open it,  
You'd thinke it had beene done, by Art and Wit :  
So I (perhaps) may light upon some straine,  
Which may in this your good opinion gaine ;  
And howsoever, if it be a plot,  
You may be certaine that in this, y'have got  
A foyle to set your Jewell off, which comes  
From *Madagascar*, scenting of rich gummes ;



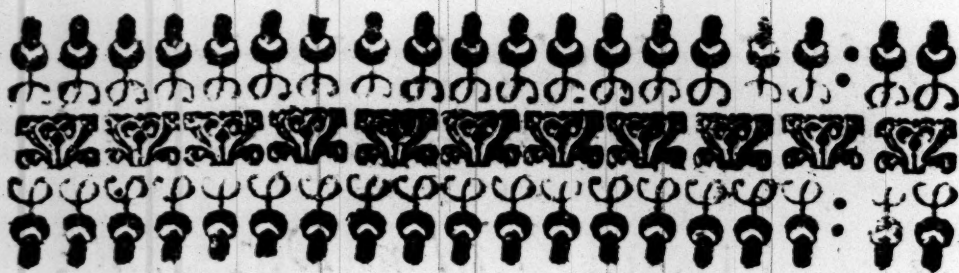
Before the which, my lay conceits will smell,  
Like an abortive Chick, destroy'd i'th shell :  
Yet something I must say, may it prove fit ;  
I'll doe the best I can ; and this is it.  
What lofty fancie was't possess't your braine,  
And caus'd you soare into so high a straine !  
Did all the Muses joyne, to make this Peece  
Excell what we have had, from Rome, or Greece ?  
Or did you strive, to leave it as a Friend  
To speake you prayses, when there is an end  
Of your mortalitie ? if you did so,  
Envy will then, scarce finde you out a Foe :  
But let me tell you (Friend) the heightning came,  
From the reflection of Prince *Rupert's* name ;  
Whose glorious Genius cast into your soule,  
Divine conceits, such as are fit t'inroule,  
In great *Appollo's* court, there to remaine  
For future ages to transcribe againe :  
For such a Poem, in so sweet a stile,  
As yet, was never landed on this Isle :  
And could I speake your prayses at each Pore,  
Twere little for the worke ; it merits more.

*Endimion Porter.*



To My Friend *William Davenant* ;  
upon his Poem of *Madagascar*.

**W**Hat mighty Princes Poets are ? those things  
The great ones stick at, and our very Kings  
Lay downe, they venter on ; and with great ease,  
Discover, conquer, what, and where they please.  
Some Elegmatick Sea-Captaine, would have staid  
For mony now, or Victualls ; not have waid  
Anchor without'em ; Thou (*will*) do'st not stay  
So much as for a Wind, but go'st away,  
Land'st, View'st the Country ; fight'st, put'st all to rout  
Before another cou'd be putting out !  
And now the newes in towne is, *Dav'nant's* come  
From *Madagascar*, Fraught with Laurell home,  
And welcome (*will*) for the first time, but prithee  
In thy next Voyage, bring the Gold too with thee.



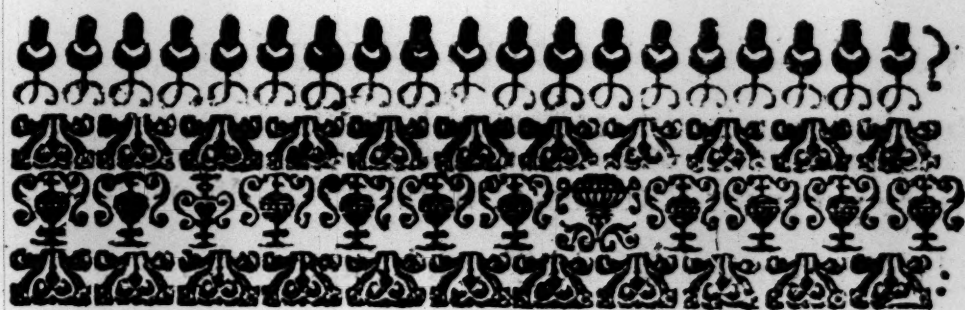
## On his other Poems.

**T**Hou hast redeem'd us, *Will* ; and future Times,  
Shall not account unto the Age's crimes  
Dearth of pure Wit : since the great Lord of it  
(*Donne*) parted hence, no Man has ever writ  
So neere him, in's owne way : I would commend  
Particulars, but then, how should I end  
Without a Volume ? Ev'ry Line of thine  
Would aske (to praise it right) Twenty of mine.

*J. Suckling.*

T O





To *Will. Davenant* my  
Friend.

**W**Hen I beheld, by warrant from thy Pen,  
A Prince rigging our Fleets, arming our Men  
Conducting to remotest shores our force  
(Without a *Dido* to retard his course.)  
And thence repelling in successe-full fight,  
Th'usurping Foe (whose strength was all his Right)  
By two brave *Heroes*, (whom we justly may  
By *Homer's Ajax* or *Achilles* lay,)  
I doubt the Author of the Tale of Troy,  
With him, that makes his Fugitive enjoy  
The Carthage Queen, and thinke thy Poem may  
Impose upon Posterity, as they  
Have done on us : What though Romances lye  
Thus blended with more faithfull Historie ?

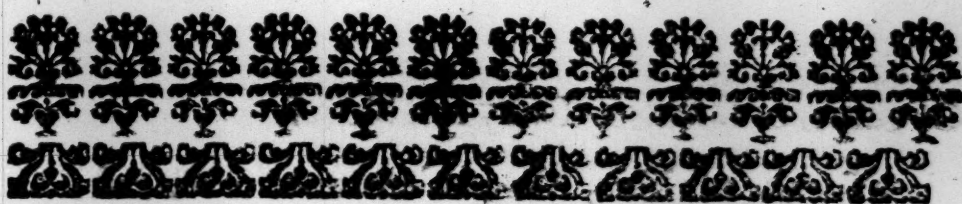
Wee, of th'adult'rate mixture not complaine,  
But thence more Characters of Vertue gaine :  
More pregnant Patterns, of transcendent Worth,  
Then barren and insipid Truth brings forth :  
So, oft the Bastard nobler fortune meets,  
Then the dull Issue of the lawfull sheets.

*Thomas Carew.*



To





## To my Friend, *William* *Davenant.*

**I** Crowded 'mongst the first, to see the Stage  
(Inspir'd by thee) strike wonder in our Age,  
By thy bright fancie dazled ; Where each Sceane  
Wrought like a charme, and forc't the Audience leane  
To th' passion of thy Pen : Thence Ladies went  
(Whose absence Lovers sigh'd for) to repent  
There unkind scorne ; And Countries who by art  
Made love before, with a converted hart,  
To wed those Virgins, whom they woo'd t'abuse :  
Both rendered Hymen's pros'lits by thy Muse.

But others who were prooffe 'gainst Love, did fit  
To learne the subtile Dictats of thy Wit ;  
And as each profited, tooke his degree,  
Master, or Batchelor, in Comedie.

Who on the Stage, though since they venter'd not  
Yet on some Lord, or Lady, had their plot

Of

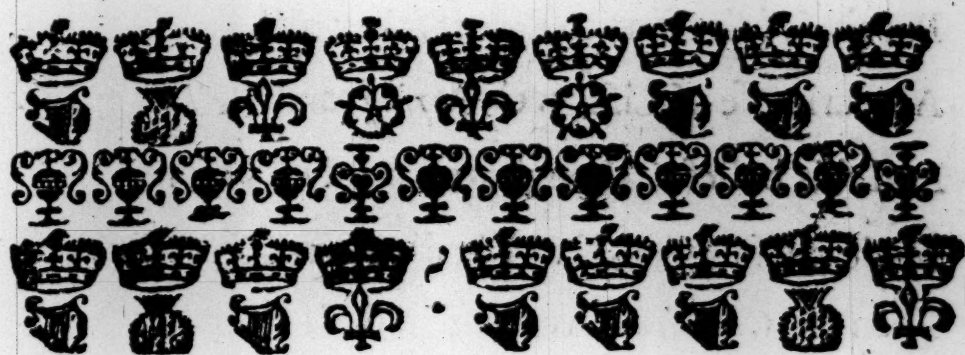


Of gaine, or favour : Ev'ry nimble jest  
They speake of thine, b'ing th'entrance to a Feast,  
Or neerer whisper : Most thought fit to be  
So farre concluded Wits, as they knew thee.

But here the Stage thy limit was. Kings may  
Finde proud ambition humbled at the Sea,  
Which bounds dominion : But the nobler flight  
Of Poetrie, hath a supreamer right  
To Empire, and extends her large command  
Where ere th'invading Sea assaults the land.

Ev'n *Madagascar* (which so oft hath been  
Like a proud Virgin tempted, yet still seen  
Th'Enemy Court the Wind for flight) doth lie  
A trophie now of thy Wits Victorie :  
Nor yet disdaines destruction to her state,  
Encompast with thy Laurell in her fate.

*William Habington.*



## *Madagascar.*

# A Poem written to Prince R U P E R T.

**M**Y Soule, this Winter, hath beene twice about  
To shift her narrow Mansion, and looke out ;  
To aire her yet unpractis'd wings, and trie  
Where Soules are entertain'd when Bodyes die :  
For this intended journey was to cleare  
Some subtile humane doubts, that vex her here:  
And for no other cause ; how ere the Court  
Beleeve (whose cruell wits turne all to sport)  
'Twas not to better my philosophie  
That I would mount, and travell through the Skie,  
As if I went, on natures embassie ;  
Whose *Legate* there, Religion termes a *Spie*.

But

But these sick offers to depart, they call  
A wearineſſe of Life, each *Spring*, and *Fall* :  
And this beliefe (though well reſolv'd before)  
Made me ſo ſullen, that I'll die no more  
Than old *Chaldean* Prophets in their ſleepe ;  
Who ſtill ſome reliques of their Soules, would keepe,  
As gage for the returne of what they ſent,  
For viſions to the ſtarry Firmament.  
Thus in a dreame, I did adventure out  
Juſt ſo much Soule, as Sinners giv'n to doubt  
Of after uſage, dare forgoe a while :  
And this ſwift Pilot ſteer'd unto an Isle,  
Betweene the Southern *Tropick* and the *Line* ;  
Which (noble Prince) my prophecie calls thine :  
There on a Chriſtall Rock I ſate, and ſaw  
The empire of the Winds, new kept in awe,  
By things ſo large, and weighty as did preſſe  
Waves to Bubbles, or what unſwell'd to leſſe :  
The Sea for ſhelter haſtned to the ſhore ;  
Sought harbor for it ſelfe, not what it bore :  
So well theſe Ships could rule ; where ev'ry Saile,  
The ſubdu'd Winds, court with ſo milde a gale,

As



As if the spacious Navy lay *adrift*,  
 Sayles swell'd, to make them comely more than swift:  
 And then I spi'd (as cause of this command)  
 Thy mighty Uncles Trident in thy hand,  
 By which mysterious figure I did call  
 Thee chiefe, and universall Admirall!  
 For well our northerne Monarch knowes, how ere  
 The Sea is dully held, the proper spheare  
 Wherein that Trydent swayes, yet, in his hand  
 It turnes strait to a Scepter when on land:  
 And soone this wise assertion prov'd a truth;  
 For when thy selfe, with thy advent'rous Youth  
 Were disimbarqu'd; strait with one lib'rall minde,  
 That long-lost, scatter'd-parcell of mankind,  
 Who from the first disorder'd throng did stray  
 And then fixe here, now yeeld unto thy sway:  
 On Olive trees, their Quivers empty hung,  
 Their arrowes were unplum'd, their bowes unstrung:  
 But some from farr, with jealous Opticks trace  
 Lines of thy Mothers beauty in thy face:  
 By which, so much thou seem'st the God of love,  
 That with tumultuous haste they strait remove,

And

And hide, t heir Magazin of Archerie ;  
 Left what was their defence, might now supply  
 Thy Godhead, which is harmeleffe yet ; but know  
 When thou shalt head a Shaft, and draw a Bow,  
 Each then thou conquerst, must a Lover be ;  
 The worst estate of their captivitie.

What sound is that! whose concord makes a jarre?  
 'Tis noise in peace, though harmony in warre :  
 The Drumme ; whose doubtfull Musick doth delight.  
 The willing eare, and the unwilling fright.  
 Had wet *Orion* chosen to lament  
 His griefs at Sea, on such an Instrument ;  
 Perhaps the martiall Musick might incite  
 The Sword-fish, Thrasher, and the Whale to fight,  
 But not to dance ; the Dolphin he should lack,  
 Who to delight his eare, did load his back ,  
 And now as Thunder, calls ere Stormes doe rise ;  
 Yet not forewarnes, 'till just they may surprise ;  
 Till the assembling clouds are met, to powre  
 Their long provided furie in one showre ;  
 Even so this little thunder of the Drumme,  
 Foretold a danger just when in was come :

When

When straight mine Eye, might ratifie mine Eare ;  
 And see that true, which heard, was but my feare :  
 For in a firme well order'd body stood,  
 Erected Pikes, like a young leavelesse Wood ;  
 And that shew'd dark, they were so close combin'd ;  
 And ev'ry narrow *File* was double *lin'd* ;  
 But with such nimble Ministers of fire,  
 That could so quickly charge, so soone retire,  
 That shot so fast ; to say it lightned were  
 No praise, unto a Gunners motion there ;  
 Nor yet to say, it lightned ev'ry where ;  
 Their number thence, not swiftnesse would appeare ;  
 Since so incessant swift ; that in mine eye,  
 Lightning seem'd slow, and might be taught to flie !  
 Tis lawfull then to say, thou didst appeare  
 To wonder much, although thou couldst not feare :  
 Thy knowledg (Prince) were younger then thy time,  
 If not amaz'd ; to see in such a clime,  
 Where Science is so new, men so exact,  
 In *Taslick* Arts, both to designe, and act.  
 These from unwieldy ships (the day before)  
 The weary Seas disburdened on the Shore :

In



In envy of thy hopes they hither came ;  
 And Envy men in warr Ambition name ;  
 Ambition, Valour ; but 'tis valo'rs shame  
 When envy feeds it more then noble Fame :  
 Strait I discern'd by what their Ensigne weares,  
 They are of those ambitious Wanderers ;  
 Whose avarious thoughts would teach them runne,  
 As long continu'd journeys as the Sunne :  
 And make the title of their strength, not right,  
 As knowne, and universall as his light :  
 For they beleeve their Monarch hath subdu'd  
 Already such a spacious latitude :  
 That sure, the good old Planet's bus'nesse is  
 Of late, only to visit what is his :  
 And those faire beames, which he did thinke his owne  
 Are tribute now, and he, his subject growne ;  
 Yet not impair'd in title, since they call  
 Him kindly, his *Survey or Generall*.

Now give me Wine ! and let my fury rise,  
 That what my travail'd Soul's immortall eies  
 With joy, and wonder saw, I may reherse  
 To curious Eares, in high, immortall verse !

Two of this furious Squadron did advance ;  
Commanded to comprise the publique chance  
In their peculiar fates : Their swords they drew :  
And two, whose large renowne their Nation knew,  
Two of thy party (Prince) they call'd to try  
By equall duell such a victory,  
As gives the Victo's side a full command  
Of what possess'd by both, is neithers Land,  
And this to save the Peoples common blood ;  
By whom although no cause is understood ;  
Yet Princes being vex'd they must take care  
To doe not what they ought, but what they dare :  
Their reason on their courage must rely,  
Though they alike the quarell justifie,  
And in their Princes kinde indiff'rent eie  
Are dutious Fooles, that either kill, or die.

This safe agreement by the gen'rall voyce  
Was ratifi'd with vowes, then straight thy choice  
For the encounter (Prince) with greedy eye  
I did intirely viw, and both I spie  
March to the List, whilst eithers cheerefull looke  
Fore-told glad hopes, of what they undertooke

**Their**

Their lookes; where forc'd-state-clouds, nere strive to  
 As if sweet feature, bus'nesse could make sowre: <sup>(lowre,</sup>

Where solemne sadnesse of a new court face,

Nere meant to signifie their pow'r, or place.

You may esteeme them Lovers by their haire ;

The colour warnes no Lady to despaire ;

And nature seem'd to prove their stature such,

As tooke not scantly from her, nor too much :

So tall, we can't mis-name their stature length,

Nor think't lesse made for comlineesse, then strength.

Their hearts are more, than what we noble call,

And still make envy weary of her Gall.

So gentle soft ; their valours with more ease,

Might be betrai'd to suffer than displease :

Compar'd to Lovers, Lovers were undone ;

Since still the best gaine by comparison.

Of these, the God-like *Sidney* was a Type,

Whose fame still growes, and yet is ever ripe ;

Like fruits of Paradise, which nought could blast

But ignorance ; for a desire to taste,

And know, produc'd no curse ; but neut'rall will,

When knowledge made indiff'rent, good, and ill.

So



## *Madagascar.*

9

So whilst our judgement keepes unmix'd, and pure,  
Our *Sidney's* full-growne Fame will still indure :  
*Sidney*, like whom these Champions strive to grace,  
The silenc'd remnant of poore *Orpheus* race.  
First those, whom mighty Numbers shall inspire ;  
Then those, who easier art can touch his *Lyre*.  
And they protect, those who with wealthier fate,  
Old *Zeuxis* lucky *Penfell* imitate.  
And those, who teach *Lysippus* Imag'rie ;  
Formes, that if once alive, would never die !  
Which though no offices of life they taste,  
Yet, like th' Elements (life's preserves) last !  
An Art, that travailes much, deriv'd to us  
From pregnant Rome, to Rome from *Ephesus* !  
But whether am I fled ? A Poets song,  
When love directs his praise, is ever long.

The challenge was aloud, whilst ev'ry where  
Men strive to shew their hopes, and hide their feare,  
They now stood opposite, and neer : a while  
Their Eyes encounter'd, then in scorne they smile.  
Each did disguise the fury of his heart,  
By safe, and temp'rate exercise of Art.

Seem'd

Seem'd to invite those thrusts they most decline,  
Receive and then returne in one true line,  
As if, all *Archymedes* science were  
In duell both exprefs'd, and better'd there.  
Each strove the others judgement to suppress:  
Stood stiffe, as if their postures were in brasse.  
But who can keepe his cold wise temper long,  
When honours warmes him, and his blood is young :  
Those subtill figures, they in judgement chose  
As guards secure, in rage they discompose :  
Now *Hazard* is the play, *Courage* the *Maine*,  
Which if it hits at first, assur's the gaine :  
But Honor throwes at all, and in this strife,  
When Honor playes, how poore a stake is life ?  
Which soone ( alas ! ) the adverse Second found :  
Made wise, by the example of a wound :  
But Gamsters wisdom ever comes too late,  
So deare 'tis bought, of that false Merchant Fate :  
For our bold Second by that wound had wone  
The treasure of his strength; whilst quite undone,  
He shrunke from this unlucky sport : but now  
More angry wrinckles on his Rivals brow

Appear'd

Appear'd, than hundred Lions were ; and all  
His strength, he ventures on our Principall :  
Who entertain'd his streame of fury so  
As Seas meet Rivers whom they force to flow :  
It is repulse makes Rivers swell, and he  
Forc'd back, got courage from our victorie :  
Rivers, that Seas doe teach to rage, are tost,  
And troubled for their pride, then quickly lost :  
So he was taught that anger, which he spent  
To make the others wrath more prevalent,  
For in the next assault he felt the best,  
First part of Man, (the Monarch of his brest)  
To sicken in its warme, and narrow Throne,  
His Rivals hasty Soule, to shades unknowne  
Was newly fled, but his made greater haste,  
His feares had so much sense of suff'rings past :  
Such danger he discern'd in's Victors eye,  
Whom he beleev'd, so skill'd in victorie ;  
As if his Soule should neere his body stay,  
The cruell heavens, would teach him finde a way  
To kill that too, by which, no pride (we see)  
Can make us so prophane as miserie ?

This



This when their Campe beheld, they strait abjure  
 That pittie in their vow ; which to secure  
 The publique bloud, ventur'd their hopes, and fame,  
 On Two, cause they could dye, were censur'd tame ;  
 And to exhort, such vex'd, and various Minds,  
 Were in a storme, to reconcile the VVinds,  
 VVith whisper'd precepts of philosophy :  
 Armes, and Religion, seldome can comply .  
 Their faith they breake, and in a body draw  
 Their looser strength, to give the Victors law.

Charge ! charge ! the battaile is begun ! and now  
 I say, thy Vncles anger in thy brow :  
 VVhich like Heavens fire, doth seldome force assume,  
 Or kindle till tis fit, it should consume :  
 Heavens ~~flow~~, unwilling fire ; that would not fall,  
 'Tis two injurious Cities seem'd to call  
 VVith their loud finnes, and when 'twas time it must  
 Destroy ; although it was severely just  
 To those, so much perverted in their will ;  
 The righteous saw the fire, yet fear'd no ill.  
 So carelesse safe, here all the Natives were .  
 VVho stood, as if too innocent to feare,

As if thy knew, thy **Uncle** bread thy fate,  
And his just anger thou didst imitate.

But thy proud Foes, who thought the morne did rise,  
For no chiefe cause, but to salute their eyes ;

Are now enform'd by Death, it may grow Night  
With them, yet others still enjoy the light :

For strait (me thought) their perish'd Bodies lay  
To soyle the Ground, they conquer'd yesterday.

O, why is valour priz'd at such a rate ?

Or if a Vertue, why so fool'd by Fate ?

That Land, achiev'd with patient toyle, and might  
Of emulous encounter in the fight,

They must not onely yeeld, when they must dy,  
But dead, it for the Victor fructifie.

And now our Drummes so fill each adverse Eare,

Their fellowes groanes, want roome to enter there ;

Like Ships-neere Rocks, when stormes are growne so  
They cannot warne each other with their cry : (high,

Ev'n so, not hearing what would make thy flye,

All stay'd, and funke, for sad societie :

Their wounds are such, the Neighb'ring Rivers need

No Springs to make them flow, but what they bleed :

B

Where

Where *Fishes* wonder at their red-dy'd flood,  
And by long nourishment on humane blood,  
May grow so neere a kin to men, that he  
Who feedes on them hereafter, needs must be  
Esteem'd as true a Caniball, as those  
Whose luscious diet is their conquer'd Foes.

Sure *Adam* when himselfe he first did spie  
So singular, and only in his eye ;  
Yet knew, all to that single selfe pertain'd,  
Which the Sunne saw, or Elements sustain'd ;  
He not beleev'd, a race from him might come  
So num'rous, that to make new off-spring roomes,  
Is now the best excuse of Nature, why  
Men long in growth, so easily must die.

*Eden*, which God did this first Prince allow,  
But as his *Privie-garden* then, is now  
A spacious Country found ; else we supplie  
With dreames, not truth, long lost Geographie :  
And each high Island then (though nere so wide)  
Was but his *Mount*, by Nature fortifi'd ;  
And every Sea, wherein those Islands float,  
Most aptly then, he might have call'd his *Moat*.



Parts, and divisions were computed small,  
When rated by his measure that had all :  
And all was *Adams* when the world was new ;  
Then strait that all, succeeded to a few ;  
Whilst men were in their size, not number strong ;  
But since, each Couple is become a Throng :  
Which is the cause we busie ev'ry winde  
(That studious Pilots in their compasse finde)  
For Lands unknowne : where those who first do come  
Are not held strangers, but arrive at home ;  
Yet he that next shall make his visit there,  
Is punish'd for a Spie and wanderer :  
Not that Man's nature is averse from peace ;  
But all are wisely jealous of increase :  
For Eaters grow so fast, that we must drive  
Our friends away to keepe our selves alive :  
And Warre would be lesse needfull, if to die,  
Had been as pleasant as to multiplie.

Forgive me Prince, that this aspiring flame  
(First kindled as a light, to shew thy fame)  
Consumes so fast, and is mis-spent so long,  
Ere my chiefe Vision is become my Song,

Thy selfe I saw, quite tir'd with victorie ;  
 As weary growne to kill, as they to die :  
 Whilst some at last, thy mercy did enjoy  
 'Cause t'was lesse paines, to pardon than destroy ;  
 And thy compassion did thy Army please,  
 In meere beleefe, it gave thy Valour ease.

Here in a calme began thy regall sway ;  
 Which with such chearefull hearts, all did obey,  
 As if no Law, were juster than thy word :  
 Thy Scepter still were safe, without a Sword.  
 And here *Cronologers* pronounce thy stile ;  
 The first true Monarch of the *Golden Isle* :  
 An *Isle*, so seated for predominace,  
 Where Navall strength, its power can so advance,  
 That it may tribute take, of what the East  
 Shall ever send in traffique to the West.

He that from cursed *Mahomet's* derives  
 His sinfull blood : the *Sophy* too, that strives  
 To prove, he keepes that very Chaire in's Throne,  
 The *Macedonian Youth* last fate upon :  
 And he, whose wilder pride, makes him abhor  
 All but the Sunne, for his Progenitor ;

Whose

Whose Mother sure, was ravish'd in a dreame,  
 By some o're hot, lascivious Noone-day-beame ;  
 From whence, he calls himselfe, *The wealth of sight,*  
*The Morn's Executor,* the *Heire of Light* :  
 And he, that thinks his rule extends so farre,  
 He hopes, the former Three his Vassailes are :  
 Compar'd to him, in Warre he rates them lesse,  
 Than *Corporalls* ; than *Constables* in peace :  
 And hopes the mighty *Presbiter* stands bare  
 In rev'rence of his name, and will not dare  
 To weare (though sick) his purple *Turband* on  
 Within a hundred Leagues, of his bright Throne.

These Mortall Gods, for traffique still disperse  
 Their envy'd wealth, throughout the universe ;  
 In *Caracks*, built so wide, that they want roome  
 In narrow Seas ; or in a *Iunck*, whose wombe  
 So swells, as could our wonder be so mad,  
 To thinke that Boats, or Ships their sexes had ;  
 Who them beheld, would simply say, sure these  
 Are neare their time, and big with *Pinnaces* :  
 Yet though so large, and populous, they all  
 Must tribute pay, unto thy Admirall,



Now wealth (the cause, and the reward of War)  
 Is greedily explor'd : some busie are  
 In virgin Mines ; where shining gold they spie,  
 That darkens the Celestiall Chymicks eye :  
 I wish'd my Soule had brought my body here,  
 Not as a Poet, but a Pioner.  
 Some neere the deepest shore are sent to dive ;  
 Whilst with their long retentive breath they strive  
 To root up Corall Trees, where *Mermaids* lie,  
 Sighing beneath those Precious boughs, and die  
 For absence of their scaly Lovers lost  
 In midnight stormes, about the Indian coast.  
 Some finde old Oysters, that lay gaping there  
 For ev'ry new, fresh floud, a hundred yeare ;  
 From these they rifle Pearles whose pond'rous size  
 Sinks weaker Divors, when they strive to rise :  
 So big, on Carckonets were never seene,  
 But where some well truss'd Giantesse is Queene ;  
 For though th'are Orient, and design'd to deck,  
 Their weight would yoke a tender Ladies Neck.  
 Some climbe, & search the Rocks, till each have found  
 A *Saphyr*, *Ruby*, and a *Diamond* :

That

That which the *Sultan's* gliftrings Bride doth weare,  
To these would but a Glowormes eie appeare :  
The Tuscan Duk's compar'd, shewes sick, and dark ;  
These living Starres, and his a dying spark.

And now I saw (what urg'd my wonder more)  
Black Sudds of *Amber-Greece*, float to the shore :  
Whilst rude dull Mariners, who hardly can  
Distinguish Buffe, or Hides, from Cordovan,  
(Since gloves they never weare) this Oyntment use  
Not to perfume, but supple their parch'd Shooes.  
Now others hasten to the woods, and there  
Such fruits for tast and odor, ev'ry where  
Are seene ; that the Merabolan by some  
Is slighted as a course sower winter-plumme.  
Then new temptation make them all in love  
With wand'ring, till invited to a Grove,  
They strait those filken litle Weavers spie,  
That worke so fast on leaves of Mulberie :  
The Persian worme (whose weary sommer toytes  
So long hath beene the rustling Courtiers spoyles)  
Compar'd to these, lives ever lazily,  
And for neat spinning is a bungling Flie !

Such hopes of wealth discern'd, tis hard to say  
 How gladly reason did my faith obey ;  
 As if that miracle would now appeare,  
 Which turnes a Poet to an Usurer :  
 But reason soone will without faith conspire,  
 To make that easie which we much desire :  
 Nor, Prince, will I despaire, though all is thine,  
 That *Pioners* now dig from ev'ry Mine ;  
 Though all, for which on slipp'ry Rocks they strive ;  
 Or gather when in Seas they breathlesse dive ;  
 Though Poets such unlucky Prophets are,  
 As still foretell more blessings than they share ;  
 Yet when thy noble choyce appear'd, that by  
 Their Combat first prepar'd thy victorie ;  
*Enlimion*, and *Arigo* ; who delight  
 In Numbers and make strong my Muses flight !  
 These when I saw, my hopes could not abstaine,  
 To thinke it likely I might twirle a Chaine  
 On a judiciall Bench : learne to demurre,  
 And sleepe out trials in a gowne of Furre :  
 Then reconcile the rich, for Gold-fring'd-gloves,  
 The poore for God-sake, or for Sugar-loaves !

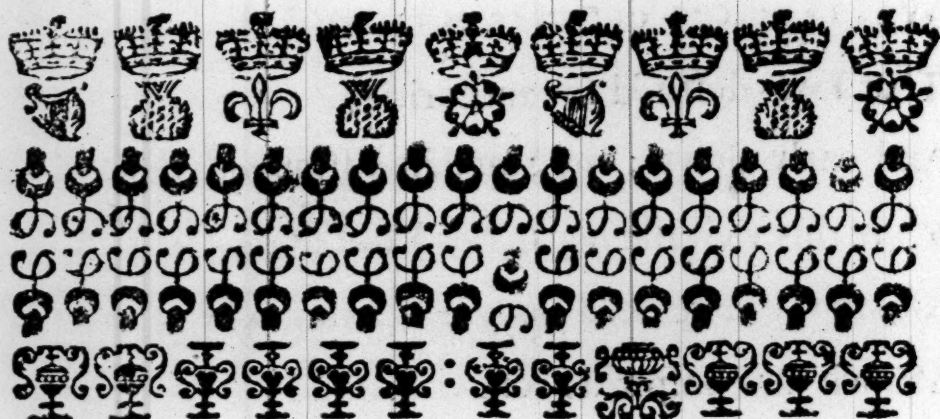
When



When I perceiv'd, that cares on wealth rely,  
That I was destin'd for authoritie,  
And early Gowts; my Soule in a strange fright  
From this rich Isle began her hasty flight;  
And to my halfe dead Body did returne,  
Which new inspir'd, rose cheerefull as the Morne,  
Heroique Prince, may still thy acts, and name,  
Become the wonder and discourse of Fame;  
May ev'ry Laurell, ev'ry Mirtle bough,  
Be strip'd for Wreaths, t'adorne, and load thy brow;  
Triumphant Wreaths, which cause they never fade,  
Wise elder times, for Kings and Poets made:  
And I deserve a little sprig of Bay,  
To weare in Greece on *Homers* Holy-day;  
Since I assume, when I thy Battailles write,  
That very flame, which warm'd thee in the fight.

*FINIS.*

B 5



*Elizium.*  
 To the Duchesse of  
*Buckingham.*

MADAM,

SO sleepes the Anchoret on his cheap bed,  
 (whose sleep wants only length to prove him dead)  
 As I last night, whom the swift wings of Thought,  
 Convey'd to see what our bold faith had taught ;  
*Elizium*, where restored formes nere fade  
 Where growth can need no seeds, nor light a shade ;  
 The joyes which in our flesh, through fraile expence  
 Of strength, through age, were lost t'our injur'd sense,  
 We there doe meet agen ; and those we taste  
 Anew, which though devour'd, yet ever last :

The

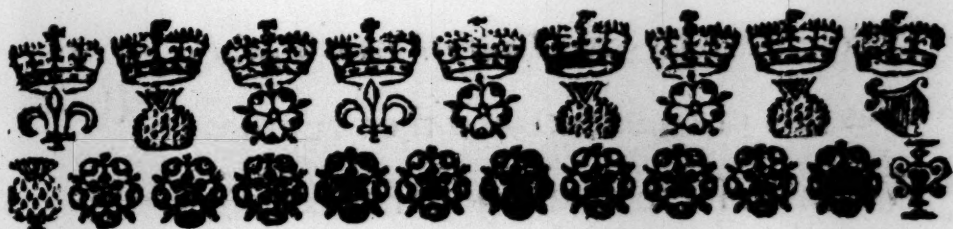
The scatter'd treasure of the Spring, blowne by  
Autumn's rude winds from our discoverie ;  
Lillies, and Roses ; all that's faire and sweet,  
There reconcil'd to their first roots we meet :  
There, only those triumphant Lovers reigne,  
Whose passions knew on earth so little staine,  
Like Angels they neere felt what sexes meant ;  
Vertue was first their nature, then intent :  
There, toying Victors safely are possesse,  
With fervent youth, eternitie, and rest ;  
But they were such, who when they got the field ;  
To teach the conquer'd, victorie, could yeeld  
Themselves again ; as if true glorie were  
To bring the foe to courage, not to feare.  
There are no talking Greeks, who their blood lost,  
Nor for the cause, but for a theame to boast ;  
As if they strove enough for Fame, that fought  
To have their Batailes better told, than fought.  
There I a *Vestal's* Shadow first did spy,  
Who when alive with holy huswifry,  
Trick'd up in lawne, and flow'ry Wreathes (each hand  
Cleane as her thoughts,) did 'fore the Altar stand :

So



So busie still, strewing her Spice, and then  
Removing Coales, vexing the Fire agen,  
As if some queasie *Goddesse* had profess'd,  
To tast no smoak that day, but what she dress'd :  
This holy coyle she living kept ; but farre  
More busie now, with more delightfull care  
Than when she watch'd the consecrated Flame,  
Sh'attends the *Shade* of gentle *Buckingham* ;  
Who there unenvi'd fins, with Chaplets crownd :  
And with wise scorne, smiles on the Prophets wound ;  
He call'd it so, for though it touch'd his heart,  
His Nation fees the rancour, and the smart.

TO



T O  
The Lord *D. L.* upon  
his Mariage.

**W**Ee that are *Orpheus* Sons, and can inherit  
 By that great title, nought but's num'rous spirit;  
 His broken *Harpe*, and when w'are tir'd with moane,  
 A few small Trees of *Bay* to hang it on.  
 We that successively can claime no more,  
 From such a poore unlucky Ancestor ;  
 Must now (my noble Lord) take thrifty care,  
 To know, what moderne wealth the Muses share?  
 Or how it is dispos'd? and strait we finde  
 Great, pow'rfull *Love*, hath bount'ously resign'd  
 Into your happy Armes, the chiefe, and best,  
 Of all that our ambitious hopes possesse :  
 Your noble Bride ; to whose eternall Eyes,  
 VVe daily offer'd wreathes in Sacrifice :

VWhose

Whose warmth gave *Laurell* growth, whose ev'ry  
 Was first our influence, and then our theame: <sup>(beame,</sup>

Whose brest (too narrow for her heart) was still.

Her reasons Throne, and prison to her will :

And since, this is your willing faith, tis fit

What all the kinde, and wiser Starres commit

Unto your charge, be with such eager love,

And soft endearments us'd, as well may prove,

They meant, when first they taught you how to wooe,

She should be happy, and the Muses too.

Live still, the pleasure of each others sight ;

To each, a new made wonder, and delight ;

Though two, yet both so much one constant minde,

That t'will be art, and mystery to finde

(Your thoughts and wishes, being still the same.)

From which of eithers loving heart they came.



## A Journey into *Worcestershire*.

**T**Here, who (if kinder Destinies shall please)  
 May all dye rich, though they love Wit & ease;  
 And I, whom some odde hum'rous Planets bid  
 To register the doughty acts they did,  
 Tooke horse; leaving ith' Town, ill Playes, sowre Wine  
 Fierce Serjeants and the plague ; besides of mine  
 An Ethnick Taylor too, that was farre worse  
 Than these, or what just Heaven did ever curse.  
 Scarce was the busie Citie left behind,  
 But from the South arose a busier Winde ;  
 Which sent us so much raine, each man did wish,  
 His hands and leggs, were Finnes, his Horse, a Fish,  
 Dull as a thick-skull'd *Justice*, drunke with Sloth ;  
 Or *Alderman* (farre-gone in Capon Broth)  
 We all appear'd, no man gave breath to thought ;  
 But like a silent Traytor in a Vault,  
 Digg'd on our way ; or as we Traytors were  
 T'our selves, and jealous of each others Eare :  
 And as i'th Worlds great Showre, some that did spie  
 (Hors'd on the Plaines) Rivers, and Seas drew nigh ;  
Spurr'd

Spurr'd on apace ; in feare all loft their time,  
 That could not reach aground where they might  
 So we did never thinke us safe, untill climbe ;

VVe had attain'd the Top o'th first high Hill :  
 And now it clear'd : so to my travail'd Eie,  
 Lookes a round yellow Dane, when he doth spie  
 Neere his puissant Arme, a Boule so full,  
 That it may fill his Bladder, and his Skull,  
 As *Phebus* at this moysture false ; who laught,  
 To see such plenty for his mornings draught :  
 But like Chamelions Colours that decay  
 But seemingly to give new colours way ;  
 So our false griefes, had not themselves outworne,  
 But step'd aside, to vary in returne.

Beare witnesse world ! for now my tir'd Horse stood,  
 As I, a Vaulter were, and himsele Wood :  
 As if some Student fierce, the day before  
 Had spur'd his full halfe Crowne from him, or more.  
*Endimion* cries, away ! What make we here ?

To draw a Map, or gather Juniper ?  
 More cruell then Shrove-Prentices, when they  
 (Drunk in a Brothell House) are bid to pay ;

Or

Or than the Bawd at Sessions, to that vilde  
Indicted Rout, which first her house until'de,  
Is now the Captaine ; who laughing swore ; thus,  
Each puny Poet rides his Pegasus.

But what's the cause my Lord spurs on amaine,  
As if t'outride a Tartar, not the Raine ;  
Some such swift Tartar as might safely say,  
To an inviting friend, that tempts his stay ;  
Farwell; thou seest the Sunne declin'd long since,  
And I'm to sup a Hundred miles from hence.

My Lord (me thought) as he had thought this same,  
Rode post, to eat that supper ere he came.

And now, my Mule mooves too ; but with such speed,  
As Pris'ners to a Psalme, that cannot read :

Yet we reach'd Wickham, with the early night :

Which to describe to Eares, or draw to Sight ,

For scituation, or for forme, for height,

For strength, or magnitude, would (in good faith)

But stale the price o'th Map, small credit be

T'our Poem, lesse to our Geographie :

Or as your riding Academicks use,

To toyle, and vex, a long fed muttron-Muse,

With



With taking the circumference of mine Host,  
 Of his Wives sumitrie, were time worse lost ;  
 Since nor *Taurentius*, nor *Van-dike*, have yet  
 Command to draw them for the *King* in great.  
 He that to night rul'd each delighted breast,  
 Gave to the pallat of each Eare a feast ;  
 With joy of pledges made our sowre wine sweet,  
 And nymble as the leaping juice of Creet ;  
 Was brave *Endimeon* ; whose triumphs, cleare,  
 From cruell tyranny, or too nice feare ;  
 Having wit still ready, and no huge sinne  
 To cause a sadnesse that might keepe it in,  
 Let fly at all ; the shafts were keene ; and when  
 They miss'd to pierce, he strongly drew agen.  
 But sleep, whom Constables obey, though they  
 Have twenty Bills to keepe him off till day :  
 Sleepe, whom th'high tun'd Cloth-worker, Weaver  
 Nor Cobler shrill, with Catches or his Aule, (tall,  
 Knowes to resist, seal'd up our lips, and sight ;  
 Making us blind, and silent as the Night.  
 Our other Sallies, and th'adventures we  
 Achiev'd, deserve new braine, new Historie.



## To *Endimeon* Porter.

**I** Gave, when last I was about to die ;  
 The Poets of this Isle a Legacie ;  
 Each so much wealth, as a long union brings  
 T'industrious States, or Victorie to Kings :  
 So much as hope's clos'd Eies, could wish to see,  
 Or tall Ambition reach ; I gave them thee.  
 But as rich Men, who in their sicknesse mourne  
 That they must goe, and never more returne ,  
 To be glad Heires unto themselves, to take  
 Againe, what they unwillingly forsake ;  
 As those bequeath, their treasure, when they dye,  
 Not out of love, but sad necessitie ;  
 So I (they thought) did cunningly resigne  
 Rather then give, what could no more be mine :  
 And they receiv'd thee not, from bounteous Chance,  
 Or me, but as their owne inheritance.  
 This, when I heard, I cancell'd my fond Will ;  
 Tempted my faith to my Physitians skill ;

To purchase health, sung praises in his Eare,  
 More than the Living of the Dead would heare,  
 For though our gifts, buy care, nought justly payes  
 Physitians love, but faith, their art, but praise :  
 Which I observ'd ; now walke, as I should see  
 A death of all things, save thy memory.  
 But if this early Vintage shall create  
 New wishes in my blood, to celebrate  
 Thee *Endimion*, and thy Muse, thy large heart,  
 Thy wisdom that hath taught the world an art  
 How (not enform'd by Cunning) courtship may  
 Subdue the minde, and not the Man betray :  
 If me (thy Priest) our curled Youth assigne,  
 To wash our Fleet-street Altars with new Wine ;  
 I will (since 'tis to thee a Sacrifice)  
 Take care, that plenty swell not into vice  
 Left, by a fiery surfet I be led,  
 Once more to grow devout in a strange bed,  
 Left through kind weakenesse in decay of health,  
 Or vanity to shew my utmost wealth ;  
 I should againe bequeath thee when I die,  
 To haughtie Poets as a Legacie.

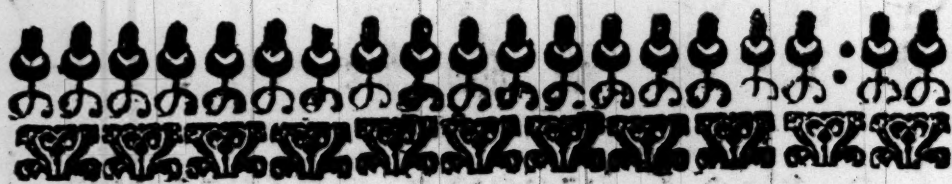




To the Queene, entertain'd  
at night by the Countesse  
of *Anglesey*.

**F**Aite as unshaded Light ; or as the Day  
In its first birth, when all the Yeare was May;  
Sweet, as the Altars smoake, or as the new  
Unfolded Bud, sweld by the early dew ;  
Smooth, as the face of Waters first appear'd,  
Ere Tides began to strive, or Winds were heard :  
Kind, as the willing Saints, and calmer farre,  
Than in their sleepes forgiven Hermits are :  
You that are more, than our discreetr feare  
Dares praise, with such full Art, what make you here?  
Here, where the Sommer is so little seene,  
That leaves (her cheapest wealth) scarce reach at green  
You come, as if the silver Planet were  
Mislid a while from her much injur'd Sphere,  
And t'ease the travailes of her beames to night,  
In this small Lanthorn would contract her light.

IN



In remembrance of Master  
*William Shakespire.*

O D E.

( 1 )

**B**eware (delighted Poets ! ) when you sing  
To welcome Nature in the early Spring :

Your num'rous Feet not tread  
The Banks of Avon ; for each Flowre  
(As it nere knew a Sunne or Showre)  
Hangs there, the pensive head.

( 2 )

Each Tree, whose thick, and spreading growth hath <sup>(made</sup>  
Rather a Night beneath the Boughs, than shade,  
(Unwilling now to grow.)

Lookes like the Plume a Captaine weares,  
Whose rifled *Falls* are steept i'th teares  
which from his last rage flow.

The

The pitious River wept it felfe away  
Long fince ( Alas ! ) to fuch a fwift decay ;  
That reach the Map, and looke  
If you a River there can fpie :  
And for a River your mock'd Eye,  
Will finde a shallow Brooke.

---

TO

---





To the *Lady Bridget Kings-*  
*mill* sent with Mellons after a  
 report of my Death.

**M** Adam, that Ghosts have walk'd; and kindly did  
 Convey Men heretofore to mony hid ;  
 That they weare Chaines, which rattle 'till they make  
 More noyse, than injur'd Ale-wives at a Wake ;  
 All this is free to faith, but *Soromine*,  
 Nor th'Abbot *Tretenheim*, nor *Rhodigine*,  
 Nor the Jew *Triphe*, though they all defend  
 Such dreames, can urge one Ghost that verses pend :  
 Therefore, be pleas'd to thinke, when these are read ;  
 I am no Ghost, nor have been three weekes dead.  
 Yet Poets that so nobly vaine have beene,  
 To want so carelesly, till want prove sinne ;  
 Through avarice of late, toth' Arches sent,  
 To know the chiefe within my Testament :

And

And th'Aldermen by Charter, title lay  
 ('Cause writ 'ith City's Vergé) to my new play :  
 So if, the Proclamations, kinde, nice care,  
 Keepe you not (Madam) from our black raw Aire,  
 Next Terme, you'll finde it own'd thus on each Wall  
*Writ by the Lord May'r, and acted at Guild-Hall.*  
 But then I must be dead, which if you will  
 In curteous pittie feare, and suspect still ;  
 These Mellons shall approach your pensive Eye,  
 Not as a Token but a Legacie.  
 Would they were such, as could have reach'd the sense,  
 To know what use they had of excellence,  
 Since destin'd to be yours ; such as would be  
 (Now yours) justly ambitious of a Tree  
 To grow upon ; scorne a dejected birth,  
 Course German Tiles, low Stalkes, that lace the Earth :  
 Such, as since gladly yours, got skill, and pow'r,  
 To choose the strongest Sunne, and weakest Showre :  
 Such, as in Groves Cecilian Lovers eat,  
 To coole those wishes, that their Ladies heat.  
 But if the Gard'ner make (like Adam) all  
 Our human hopes, bold, and apocryphall :

And that my Mellons prove no better than  
Those lovely Pompe'ons, which in Barbican,  
Fencers, and Vaulters Widowes please to eat,  
Not as a Sallad, but cheap-filling-meat ;  
Thinke then I'm dead indeede ; and that they were  
Early bequeath'd, but pay'd too late i'th Yeare ;  
So the just scornes, of your lov'd wit, no more  
Can hazard me, but my Executor.

TO





To the King on Newyeares  
day. 1630.

O D E

( 1 )

**T**He joyes of eagar Youth, of Wine, and Wealth  
Of Faith untroubled, and unphysick'd Health ;  
Of Lovers, when their Nuptial's nie,  
Of Saints forgiven when they die ;  
Let this yeare bring  
To *Charles* our King :

To *Charles*, who is th'example, and the Law,  
By whom the good are taught, not kept in awe,

( 2 )

Long proffer'd Peace, and that not compass'd by  
Expensive Treaties but a Victorie ;  
And Victories by Fame obtain'd,  
Or pray'r, and not by slaughter gain'd ;

Let this yeare bring :

To *Charles* our King.

To *Charles* ; who is th'example, and the Law,  
By whom the good are taught, not kept in awe.

( 3 )

A Session too, of such who can obey,

As they were gather'd to consult, not sway :

Who now rebell, in hope to git

Some office to reclaime their wit ;

Let this yeare bring

To *Charles* our King ;

To *Charles* ; who is th'example and the law,  
By whom the good are taught, not kept in awe.

( 4 )

*Prætors*, who will the publique cause defend,

With timely gifts, not Speeches finely pend ;

To make the Northerne Victors Fame

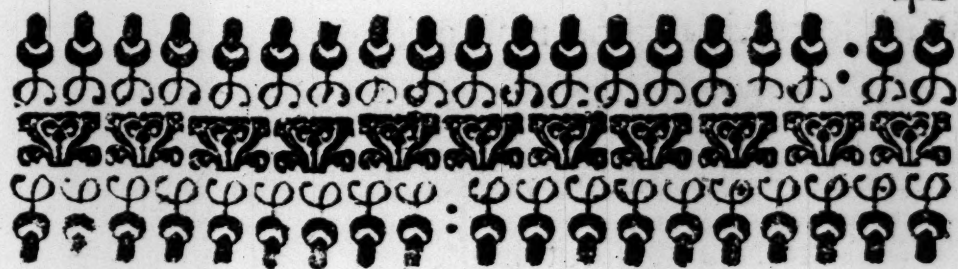
No more our envy, nor our shame :

Let this yeare bring

To *Charles* our King :

To *Charles* ; who is th'example, and the law,  
By whom the good are taught, not kept in awe,

To



TO  
THE QUEENE,  
presented with a suit, in the  
behalfe of *F. S.* directed from  
*Orpheus Prince of Poets.*

To the *Queene of Light*; In favour of a  
young listner to his *Harpe.*

**I** Sing these Numbers in the shady Land,  
Where Ayrie Princes dwell, which I command  
Some Spirit, or some Winde, gently convey  
To you, whose breath is Spring, whose Eie beames day  
'Gainst your arrivall here, which must be late :  
(Such pow'r the pray'rs of Mortalls have with Fate)  
Fields I have dress'd, so rich in scent, and show ;  
As if your influence taught our Flow'rs to grow :  
Where still delighted you shall nobly move,  
Not like a sad Shadow, as they above



With learned falshood most unkindly dreame  
 Of ev'ry Ghost ; but like a beautilous Beame.  
 The Lilly, and the Rose ; which Lovers seeke,  
 Not on their stalkes, but on their Ladies Cheeke ;  
 Shall here not dare take root ; nor yet the strange  
 And various Tulip ; which so oft doth change  
 Her am'rous Colours to a diff'rent hew,  
 That yearely Men beleeeve the Species New.  
 In stead of these ; on ev'ry Bank I'll show  
 (Blith on his stemme) the nice *Adonis* grow ;  
 Who though, in's beauties warm'th belov'd of old ;  
 His transmutation only makes him cold ;  
 For the amazed Goddesse now perceives,  
 Him scarce so faire in's Flesh, and in his Leaves.  
 Then proud *Narcissus*, whose rare beauty had  
 Farre lesse excuse, and cause, to make him mad,  
 When in his owne eyes, flourishing alive ;  
 Than since he was become a Vegative.  
 With these, the jealous *Crocus*, and the chaste  
*Anemone*, whose blushes ever last.

Now for a cooling Shade, what use have wee  
 Of the delightfull Lydian-Platan-Tree,

Which

Which *Xerxes* so much lov'd? or of the Lime,  
 Or the tall Pine, which spreads, as it doth climbe?  
 Or Lovers Sicamore, or mine owne Bay?  
 On which, since my *Euridices* sad day,  
 My Harpe hath silent hung? No Trees your Bowre  
 Shall need; the slender stalke of ev'ry flow'r,  
 When you arrive among us, and dispence  
 The lib'rall comfort of your influence,  
 Shall reach at Body, Rinde, and Boughs, then grow  
 Till't yeeld a Shade, as well as Scent, and Show.  
 For your attendants here; *Tamiris*, she  
 That taught her tender sex, the waies to victorie;  
 The Queene of Ithaca, whose precious name  
 For chaste desires, is deere to us, and Fame:  
 And *Artimesia* whom truths best Record,  
 Declar'd a living Tombe unto her Lord,  
 Shall ever wait upon your sway, and when  
 The Destinies are so much vex'd with Men,  
 That the just God-like Monarch of your brest,  
 Is ripe, and fit to take eternall rest;  
 To court his spirit here, I will not call  
 The testy Pyrrhus, or malicious Hannibal;

Nor yet the fiery Youth of *Macedon*,  
 Shall have the dignity t'attend his Throne :  
 But mighty *Julius*, who had thoughts so high  
 They humble seem'd, when th'aim'd at victorie ;  
 And own'd a Soule so learn'd, Truth fear'd that she  
 Might stand too nak'd, neere his Philosophie :  
 In anger, valiant : gently calme, in love :  
 He soar'd an Eagle, but he stoop'd a Dove !  
 Know, *Queene* of light, he onely doth appeare,  
 Fit to imbrace your Royall Lover here :  
 Nor thinke my promise is the ayrie boast  
 Of a dead Greeke, a thinne-light-talking-Ghost :  
 It shall be well perform'd ; and all I dare  
 For those just toyles commend unto your care :  
 Is but a Poets humble suit ; who now  
 With everlasting Wreaths may deck his Brow :  
 Since first your Poet call'd, and by that stile  
 He is my Deputy throughout your Isle.

To





To the Lord *B.* in performance of a vow, that night  
to write to him.

**M**Y Lord, it hath beene ask'd, why 'mongst those  
I singled out for *Fame*, I chose not you <sup>(few</sup>  
With early speed the first? but *I*, that strive  
My manners should preserve my Verse alive:  
That read Men, and my selfe: would not permit  
The boldnesse of my love, should tax my wit.  
There are degrees, that to the Altar lead;  
Where ev'ry rude, dull Sinner must not tread:  
'Tis not to bring, a swift thanks-giving Tongue,  
Or prayers made as vehement as long,  
Can priviledge a zealous Votarie,  
To come, where the High Priest should only be:  
Then why should I (where some more skilfull hand  
May offer Gummes, and Spice) strew Dust, and Sand?

And this (my chiefe of Lords) made me designe  
 Those noble flames, sprung from your nobler Wine,  
 To keepe my spirits warme, till I could prove  
 My Numbers smooth, and mighty as my love :  
 Yet such my treach'rous fate, that I this night  
 (Fierce with untutor'd heat) did vow to write :  
 But happy those, who undertake no more  
 Than what their stock of rage hath rul'd before !  
 It is a Poet's sinne, that doth excell  
 In love, or wine, not to resolve how well,  
 But straight how much to write, for then we think  
 The vast tumultuous Sea is but our Inke ;  
 The World, our Forrest too, and that we may  
 Beleeve each Tree, that in it growes, a Bay.  
 My Vow now kept, I'm loth (my Lord,) to doe  
 Wrong to your justice, and your mercy too ;  
 The last, if you vouchsafe, you will excuse  
 A strong Religion here, though not a Muse.

To



## To *Endimion* Porter.

**H**OW safe (*Endimion*) had I liv'd ? how blest,  
 In all the silent privacies of rest ?  
 How might I lengthen sleeps, had I beene wise  
 Unto my selfe, and never seene thine Eyes ?  
 My Verse (unenvy'd then) had learn'd to move  
 A slow, meeke pace ; like sober *Hymns* of love  
 By some noch'd-Brownist sung, that would indeere  
 His holy itch, to some chaste Midwives Eare :  
 The pleasure of ambition then had bin,  
 To me lost in the danger, and the sinne :  
 The Mirtle Spring (that never can decay)  
 I had not knowne, nor Wreaths of living Bay :  
 In stead of these, and the wild Ivy Twine,  
 (Which our wise Fathers justly did assigne,  
 To him that in immortall Verse exceeds)  
 My Brow had worne, some homly Wreath of Weeds :  
 And



And such low pride is safe : for though the Bay  
 Lightning, nor Winds can blast, yet Envy may.  
 If hidden still from thee, I should have lesse  
 To answer now, for glory, and excesse :  
 My surfets had not reach'd the cunning yet,  
 To seeke an expiation from their wit :  
 For more than Village Ale, and drowfie Beere,  
 (Cawdles, and Broth to the dull Islander)  
 I eere had wish'd ; now, My Man, hot, and dry,  
 With fierce transcriptions of my Poesie :  
 Cryes, Sir, I thirst ! then strait I bid him chuse  
 (As Poets Prentices did surely use  
 Of Greece, and Rome) some cleare, cheap Brook, there  
 And drinke at Natures charge his thirst away : (stay,  
 Though Fasts ( more than are taught i<sup>th</sup> Kalender)  
 Had made him weake ; this gave him strength to sweare,  
 And urge that after *Horace* the divine  
*Mæcen*as knew, his slaves drunke ever Wine :  
 So whilst *Endimion* lives, he vows to pierce  
 Old *Gascoine* Caske, or not transcribe a verse.  
 If never knowne to thee, missing the skill  
 How to doe good, I should have found my ill

Excus

Excus'd ; Th'excessive charge of Ink, and Oyle,  
 Expence of quiet sleepes, and the vaine toyle,  
 In which the Priest of Smyrna tooke delight,  
 (When he for knowledge chang'd his precious sight )  
 Had scap'd me then, now whilst I strive to please  
 With tedious Art, I lose the lust of ease.

And when our Poets (enviously miss-led)  
 Shall finde themselves out-written, and out-read ;  
 T'will urge their sorrow too, that thou didst give  
 To my weake numbers, strength, and joy to live.

But O ! uneasie thoughts ! what will become  
 Of me, when thou retir'st into a Tombe ?  
 The cruell, and the envious then will say :  
 Since now his Lord is dead ; he that did sway  
 Our publique smiles, opinion, and our praise,  
 Till we this childe of Poesie did raise  
 To Fame, and love ; let's drowne him in our Inke ;  
 Where like a lost dull Plummert let him sinke  
 From humane sight ; from knowledge he was borne  
 Unlesse succession finde him in our scorne.  
 Remembrance, never to Repentance shoves,  
 The wealth we gaine, But what we feare to lose ;  
 Thou

Thou art my wealth ; and more than Light ere spy'd,  
 Than Easterne Hills brings forth, or Seas can hide :  
 But thus when I rejoyce, my feares divine,  
 I want the fate, still to preserve thee mine :  
 And Kings depos'd, wish they had never knowne  
 Delight, nor sway ; which erst they toyld'd to owne .



*Feffe-*





*Jeffereidos,*  
On the Captivitie of *Jeffery*.

*Canto the first.*

**A** Sayle ! a sayle ! cry'd they, who did consent  
Once more to break the eighth Commandment  
For a few Coles, of which by theft so well  
Th'are stor'd ; they have enow to furnish Hell  
With penall heat, though each sad Devill there  
A frozen Muscovite, or Russian were :  
The chase grew swift, whilst an old weary Pinke,  
Not us'd to fly, and somewhat loth to sincke,  
Did yeeld unto the Foe, who boards her strait :  
And having rifled all her precious Freight :  
A trembling Britaine keeles, and did beseech  
Each composition there, of Tarre and Pitch,  
That they would heare him speake: 'tis not (quoth he)  
Our kind respect to wealth, or libertie,  
Begets this feare, but least blind fortune may  
Unto some fierce, unruly hand betray,  
The truest Servant to a State, that cou'd  
Be giv'n a Nation out of flesh and blood :

And

And he tall *Jeff'ry* height ! who not much us'd  
 To fights at Sea, and loth to be abus'd,  
 Resolv'd to hide him, where they sooner might  
 Discover him, with smelling than with sight.

Each eye was now employ'd, no man could think  
 Of any uncouth Nooke, or narrow Chinke,  
 But strait they sought him there ; in holes not deep  
 But small, where slender Magots us'd to creep :  
 At last, they found him close, beneath a spick  
 And almost span-new-pewter-Candlestick.  
 A sapient *Diego*, that had now command  
 Of Ships and Victorie, tooke him in hand :  
 Peis'd him twise, tasted his discourse, at length  
 Beleev'd, that he dissembled wit, and strength :  
 Quoth he, Victors, and Vanquished ! I bid  
 You all give eare, to wisedome of Madrid !  
 This that appears to you, a walking Thumbe,  
 May prove, the gen'rall Spie of Christendome :  
 Then calls for Chaines, but such as fitting seeme,  
 For Elephants, when manag'd in a Teeme.  
 Whilst puissant *Jeff'ry* 'gins to wish (in vaine)  
 He had long since contriv'd a truce with Spaine.

His

His Sinewes faile him now : nor doth he yeeld  
 Much trust unto his Buckler, or his Shield ;  
 Yet threatens like a second Tamberlaine,  
 To bring them 'fore the Queenes Lord-Chamberlaine;  
 Because without the leave, of him, or her,  
 They keepe her Houshold-Servant prisoner.

*Diego*, that study'd wrath, more than remorse,  
 Commands, that they to Dunkerk steerè their course :  
 Whilst Captive-*Jeffr'y* shewes to wiser sight,  
 Just like a melancholy Israelite,  
 In midst of 's journey unto Babylon ;  
 Melt marble hearts, that chance to thinke thereon !  
 The winds are guilty too ; for now behold !  
 Already landed this our Brittain bold !  
 The people view him round ; some take their oath  
 He's humane Issue, but not yet of growth :  
 And others (th at more sub'tly did conferre)  
 Thinke him a small, contracted Conjuror :  
 Then *Diego*, *Bredro*, names ! *Hemskerk* ! and cryes,  
*Hansvan Geulick* ! *Derick* too ! place your Thighs  
 On this judiciall Bench, that we may sit  
 T'undoe, this short-Embassadour with wit.

On e



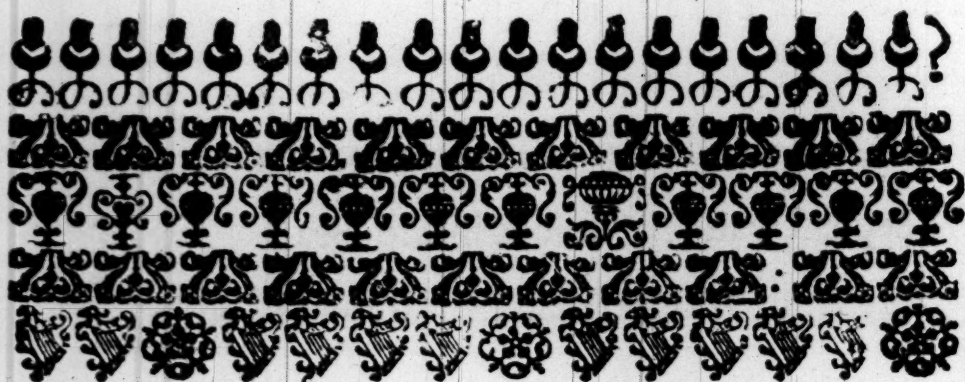
One, faine would know's discent : Thou Pirat-Dogge  
(The wrathfull Captive then reply'd) not *Ogge*  
(The Bashan King) was my Progenitor ;  
Nor did I strive, to fetch my Ancestor  
From *Aneck's* Sonnes, nor from the Genitals  
Of wrafling-*Cacus*, who gave many falls.  
No matter for his birth, sayd *Diego* then ;  
Bring hither strait the Rack ! for it is Ten  
To one, this will inforce from out his Pate,  
Some secrets, that concerne the English State,  
But O ! true, loyall Heart ! he'd not one word  
Reveale, that he had heard at Councell-bord.  
Some ask'd him then, his bus'nesse late in France ;  
What Instruments lay there conceal'd t'advance  
The Brittish cause ? when they perceiv'd his heart ;  
Was bigge, and whilst enforc'd, would nought impart  
*Diego* arose, and said, Sir, I beseech you,  
Acquaint us if the Cardinall *de Richelieu*  
Intend a warre, in Italy, or no ?  
(Most noble *Ieffry* still !) he seemes to know  
Nought of that point; though divers think, when there,  
The Cardinall did whisper in his eare

The

The Scheame of all his plots ; and fought to gaine  
 His company along with him to Spaine ;  
 For thither he'll march, if he can byth' way  
 Sweep a few durty Nations intoth' Sea.

A solemne Monke, that silent stood close by,  
 Beleev'd this little Captive, a Church-Spie !  
 Quoth he, that shrivled face, hath Schysme in it ;  
 And lately ther's a learned volumne writ,  
 Wherein *Ben-Jharky* and *Ben-Ezra* too,  
 And *Rabin Kimky* eke, a learned Jew,  
 Are cited all, it labours to make good,  
 That there were Protestants before the flood ;  
 And thou its Author art : *Ieff ry* swore then,  
 He never knew those Hebrew Gentlemen !  
 When they perceiv'd, nor threats, nor kindnesse sought  
 From love, could get him to discover ought ;  
*Diego* leaves the Table, sweares by his Skarffe ;  
 The thing, they doubted thus, was a meere Dwarfie.  
 The fleetest Izeland-Shock, they then provide :  
 On which they mount him strait, and bid him ride :  
 He weepes a teare or two, for's Jewells lost ;  
 And so, with heavy heart, to *Bruxels* post.

*Jefferoids*



*Jeffereidos,*  
Or the Captivitie of  
*Jeffery.*

*Canto the second.*

**S**O runs the nible Snaile, in slimy track,  
Hast'ning with all his Tenement on's back,  
And so, on goodly Cabidge-leave, the fleet,  
Swift-Caterpillar moves with eager feet,  
As this sad Courtier now ; whose mighty Steed  
May for an easie amble, or for speed,  
Compare with gentle Bull in Yoke : But O !  
Here now begins a Canticle of woe !

Chide



Chide cruell Fate, whose businesse in the Spheares,  
 Wise *Jeff'ry* notes, is but to cause our Teares :  
 Their rule, and pow'r (quoth he) is understood,  
 More in the harme they doe us, than the good :  
 And this he said, because he scarce had driven  
 Along that Coast, the length of Inches seven,  
 But downe his *Izeland* fell ; some Authors say  
 A burley Oake, lay there disguis'd in's way ;  
 Others a Rush ; and some report, his Steed  
 Did stumble, at the splinter of a Reed ;  
 And some (far more authentick) say agin,  
 'Twas at a haire, that drop'd from humane chin :  
 But though, the Sage Historians are at strife,  
 How to resolve this point, his Coursers life  
 They hold lost in the fall ; whilst the discreet  
*Jeff'ry* was forc'd, to wander on his Feet.  
 Old wives, that saw the forrowes of this Spy,  
 Their wither'd Lips (thinner then lids of Eye)  
 Strait opened wide ; and tickled with his wrongs,  
 Did laugh, as if t'were lech'ry to their Lungs :  
 And *Diego* too, whose grave, and solemne Brow,  
 Was ever knit, grew loud, and wanton now :

O for a Guard (quoth he) of *Switzers* here,  
 To heave that Giant up ! but come not neare :  
 For now enrag'd, he may perchance so tosse us,  
 As you would thinke, you toucht alive Coloffus !  
 This *Jeffer*y heard ; and it did stirre his gall,  
 More than his Coursers death, or his owne fall.

Sorrowes, that hasten to us, are but slow  
 In their departure ; as the learn'd may know  
 By this sad story, since new cause was given ;  
 For which our deepe *Platonick* questions Heaven.  
 O cruell Starres ! (quoth he) will you still so  
 Officious be, to trouble us below ?

'Tis say'd your care doth govern us, d'ye call  
 That care, to let Ambassadors thus fall ?  
 Nay, and permit worse dangers to ensue ?  
 Though all your rule, and influence be true ;  
 I had as leefe (since mortalls thus you handle)  
 Be govern'd by the influence of a Candle.

This he had cause to say ; for now behold  
 A Foule of spacious wings bloody, and bold  
 In his aspect, haughty in gate, and stiffe on  
 His large spread *Claves* he stood, as any Griffon :

Though

Though, by kinde, a Turkey ; whose plot that way  
 Was like a subtle Scowt to watch for prey ;  
 Such as is blowne about by ev'ry wind :  
 But here's the dire mistake : this Foule (halfe blinde)  
 At *Jeffer*y pecks, and with intent to eat  
 Him up, in stead of a large graine of Wheat :  
*Jeffer*y (in dull nice) ne're thinks upon't,  
 As the Turkeys' hunger, but an affront.  
 His sword he drew ; a better none alive  
 E're got from Spanish Foe, for Shillings Five.  
 And now, the Battaile doth begin : sound high  
 Your Oaten Reeds, t'encourage Victorie !  
 Strike up the wrathfull Tabor ! and the Githern ;  
 The loud Jew's-trump ! and Spirit-stirring-Cittherne !  
*Jeffer*y the bold, as if he had o'reheard  
 These Instruments of Warre, his Arme uprear'd,  
 Then cries *St. George* for England ! & with that word  
 He mischief'd (what I pray ? ) nought but his sword :  
 Though some report, he noch'd the Foes left wing ;  
 And Poets too, who faithfully did sing  
 This Battaile in Low-Dutch, till of a few  
 Small Feathers there, which at the first charge flew  
 About



About the field ; but doe not strictly know  
 That they were shed by fury of that blow.  
 This they affirme ; the Turkey in his looke  
 Express'd how much, he it unkindly tooke,  
 That wanting food ; our *Jeff'ry* would not let him,  
 Enjoy a while the priviledge to eat him :  
 His Tayle he spreads, jets back ; then turns agen ;  
 And fought, as if, for th'honour of his Hen :  
*Jeff'ry* retorts each stroke ; and then cries, Manger  
 Thy strength, I will dissect thee like an Augure !  
 But who of mortall race, deserves to write  
 The next encounter in this bloody fight ?  
 Wisely didst thou (O Poet of *Anchusn* ; )  
 Stay here thy Pen, and lure thy eager Muse in ;  
 Envoking Mars, some halfe an houre at least,  
 To helpe thy fury onward with the rest :  
 For *Jeff'ry* strait was throwne ; whilst faint, and weake,  
 The cruell Foe, assaults him with his Beake,  
 A Lady-Midwife now, he there by chance  
 Espy'd, that came along with him from France:  
 A heart nour'd up in War ; that neere before  
 This time (quoth he) could bow, now doth implore :  
Thou

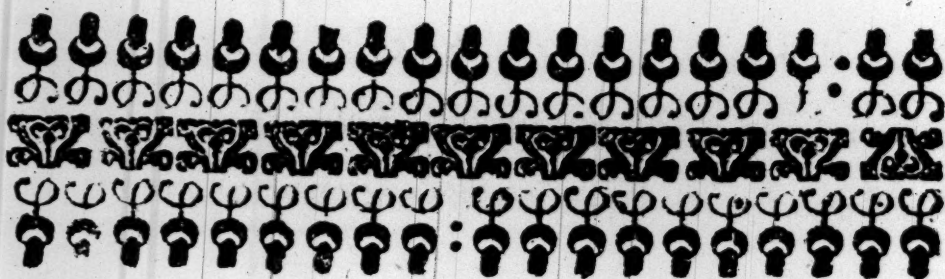
Thou that delivered'st hast so many, be  
 So kinde of nature, to deliver me !  
 But stay : for though the learn'd Chronologer  
 Of Dunkerk, doth confesse him freed by her ;  
 The subt'ler Poets yet, whom wee translate  
 In all this Epick Ode, doe not relate  
 The manner how ; and wee are loth at all  
 To vary from the Dutch Originall.  
 Deeds they report, of greater height than these ;  
 Wonders, and truth ; which if the Court-wits please,  
 A little helpe from Nature, lesse from Art,  
 May happily produce in a Third part.



D

To





## For the Lady, *Olivia* Porter.

A present, upon a New-years day

**G**oe ! hunt the whiter Ermine ! and present  
 His wealthy skin, as this dayes Tribute sent  
 To my *Endimion's* Love ; Though she be farre  
 More gently smooth, more soft than Ermines are !  
 Goe ! climbe that Rock ! and when thou there hast  
 A Starre, contracted in a Diamond, (found  
 Give it *Endimion's* Love ; whose lasting Eyes,  
 Out-looke the starry Jewells of the Skies !  
 Goe ! dive into the Southern Sea ! and when  
 Th'ast found (to trouble the nice fight of Men )  
 A swelling Pearle ; and such whose single worth,  
 Boasts all the wonders which the Seas bring forth ;  
 Give

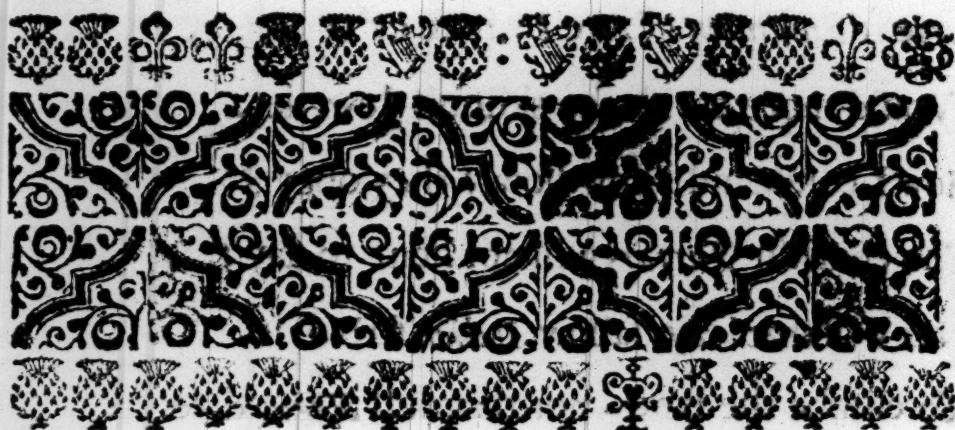


Give it *Endimion's* Love ! whose ev'ry Teare,  
 Would more enrich the skillfull Jeweller.  
 How I command ? how slowly they obey ?  
 The churlish *Tartar*, will not hunt to day :  
 Nor will that lazy, fallow-*Indian* strive  
 To climbe the Rock, nor that dull *Negro* dive.  
 Thus Poets like to Kings (by trust deceiv'd)  
 Give oftner what is heard off, than receiv'd.

---

D 2

TO



To I. C.  
 Rob'd by his Man  
 A N D R E W.

Sir, whom I now love more, than did the good  
 Saint *Martin*, that all-naked-Flesh-and bloud,  
 Whose Cloake ( at Plimmouth spun ) was Crab-Tree  
 (wood.

His owne was Tammi sure ; which made it teare  
 So soone into a gift ; and thou ( I feare )  
 Wilt beg halfe mine, not to bestow, but weare:

For thy Saint-*Andrew* sought not out the way  
 To keepe thee worme, but make thee watch, and pray;  
 That is, for his returne ; about, Doomes-day ;  
 Worfe

Worse left, than blushing *Adam*, who withdrew,  
 The nakednesse he fear'd, more than he knew;  
 Not to a Mercers, but where Fig-leaves grew :

Which sew'd with strings of slender weeds, cloath men  
 Cheaper than Silks, that must be paid for, when  
 It pleases the chiefe Scribe 'oth Chamberlen.

Though my sick Joynts, cannot accompany  
 Thy Hue-on-cry ; though Midnight parlies be  
 Silenc'd long since, 'tween Constables, and me,

Without their helpes, or Suburb-Justices,  
 ( Upon whose justice now an impost lies,  
 For with the price of Beefe, their Warrants rise)

I'll finde this *Andrew*. strait. See, where the pale  
 Wretch stands: Thy guiltlesse Robes (ne're hang'd for  
 He executes, on Sundry Broakers Nayle. (sale; )

In stead of him ( chas'd thence by his wife feare )  
 Does the Mothers joy, a bold Youth appeare ;  
 Who swaggers up to Forty Markes a yeare !



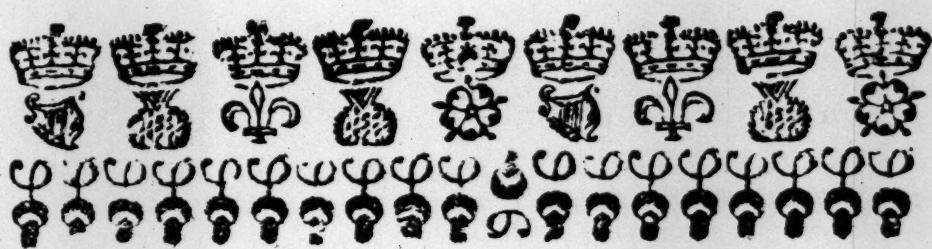
Sometimes he troubles Law, at th'Inns of Court ;  
 Now comes, to buy him Weeds of shining sort ;  
 And faine would have thy Cloake, but 'tis too short ;

Too short (neat Sir) was all thy rifled store ;  
 Which made those Brokers curse thy stature more,  
 Than thou, Fiend-*Andrew*, the sad day before.

But hark ! who knocks ; good truth my Muse is staid,  
 By an Apothecaries bill unpaid ,  
 Whose length , not strange-nam'd Drugs, makes her  
 (afraid.

---

TO



To the Earle of Portland,  
Lord Treasurer ; on the  
marriage of his Sonne.

**M**Y Lord, this night is yours ! each wandring star  
That was unbusi'd, and irregular ;

Most gravely now, his bright Companion leads,  
To fix o're your glad roose, their shining Heads.

And it is said, th'exemplar King's your guest ;

And that the rich-Ey'd-Darling of his Breast,

(To ripen all your Joyes,) will there become

The Musick, Odor, Light of ev'ry Rome !

A mixture of two noble bloods, in all

Faith, and domestick nature, union call,

No travail'd Eyes have seene, with humbler state

Of love perform'd, where Princes celebrate.

This when I heard ; I know not what bold Starre

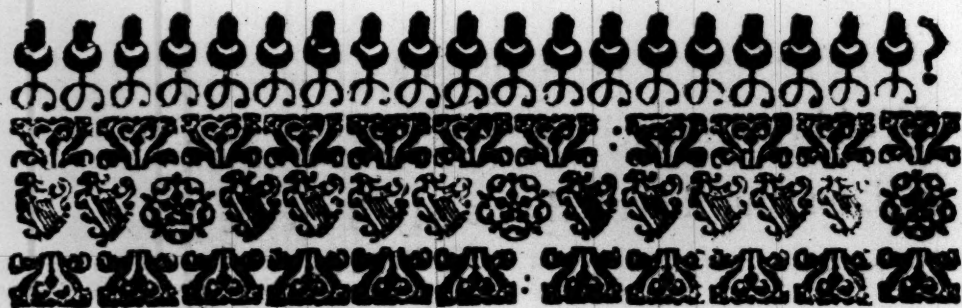
My Spirits urg'd, but it was easier farre.

The

The torne, the injur'd *Panther*, to restraine  
 In's hot pursuit, or stroke him coole againe ;  
 To tell the cause, why Winds doe disagree,  
 Divide them when in stormes they mingled be ;  
 Strait fix them single, where they breath'd before ;  
 Or fanne them with a plumme, from Sea to Shore ;  
 Than bind my raging Temples, or resist  
 The pow'r that swell'd me, as *Apollo's* Priest.  
 Therefore my Robe, that on his Alter lay ;  
 My Virge, my Wreath, I tooke ; and thus did pray :  
 That you ( my Lord ) with lasting memory,  
 And strength of fervent youth, may live to see,  
 Your name in this blest nuptiall store the Earth,  
 With such a masculine, and knowing birth ;  
 As shall at factious Councells moderate,  
 And force injurious Armies to their fate.  
 Let Time be fetter'd, that they never may  
 Increasing others, feele themselves decay.  
 To you ( my Lord ) who with wise industrie,  
 Seeke Virtue out, then give it strength to be ;  
 Where ere you shall recide, let Plenty bring,  
 The pride, and expectations of the Spring ;



The wealth that loads inticing Autumne grow  
 Within your reach ; let hasty Rivers flow  
 Till on your shores, they skaly Tribute pay,  
 Then ebbe themselves in empty Waves away :  
 Let each pale Flow'r, that springeth there, have pow'r  
 T'invite a Sunne-beame, and command a Show'r ;  
 The dew that falls about you taste of Wine,  
 Each abject Weed change roote, and be a Vine !  
 But I with this prophetick plenty grow  
 Already rich, and proud ; cause then I know  
 The Poets of this Isle, in Vineyards may  
 Rejoyce, whilest others thirst in groves of Bay !  
 Sir, let me not your wary patience move ;  
 And sinne, with too much courage of my love !  
 He that in strength of wishes, next shall trie,  
 T'increase your blessings with his Poesie,  
 May shew a fiercer Wit, and cleaner Art,  
 But not a more sincere, and eager Heart.



# THE QUEENE,

returning to London after  
a long absence.

(smoake

**H**ow had you walk'd in Mists of Sea coale-  
Such as your ever teeming Wives would choak,  
(False Sonnes of thrift!) did not her beauties light,  
Dispell your Clouds, and quicken your dull sight?  
As when, th'illustrious Officer of Day,  
(First worship'd in the East) 'gins to display  
The glory of his beames; then Buds unfold  
Their chary Leases; each dew-drownd Marigold  
Insensibly doth stirre it selfe, and spread;  
Each Violet lifts up the pensive Head;  
So when the Rayes of her faire head appeare,  
To warme, and guild your clouded Hemisphære,  
These.

Those Flow'rs which in your narrow Gardens grow,  
 (Narrow as Turfs, which you a Lark allow  
 In's wicker Cage) rejoyce upou their stalks ;  
 Imbellishing your fommer inch-broad walks :  
 But she remov'd, what all your weary'd lives,  
 You plant in German pots, to please your Wives,  
 Shall fade ; scarce in your Climate shall be seene  
 Enough of Spring to make your Tansies green.  
 Nor shall your blew-Ey'd Daughters more appeare  
 (Though in the hopefull'st season of the Yeare)  
 In the dark street, where *Tantlin's* Temple stands,  
 With Time, and Marg'rom Posies in their hands.  
 Wee know ( distrustfull Bergainers ! ) you most  
 Love sacrifice, that puts you least to cost ;  
 Give her your prayers then ; that her Lookes may  
 After long Nights, restore you unto Day.  
 Though Ringing be some charge, and Wood grow  
 In troth ; it will become you once a yeare, (deere :  
 To offer Bells and Bonfires too, altho'  
 You couzen't out in Silks, next publique Show.

To





To *I. W.*  
Vpon the death of his  
Mistresse.

**A**S the great Sonnes of War, that are rais'd high,  
With eager hearts, of frequent Victorie,  
Grow to such lazy pride ; they take it ill  
Men still should put them to the paines to kill ;  
And would, at each sterne becken of the Eye,  
Have the sad Foe, vaile Plumes, take leave, and dye :  
So thou ; as if thy Sorrowes had o'recome  
Halfe the wise world, and struck all reason dumbe ;  
Cry'st, she is dead ! and frown'st, because I now  
Take not my Wreath (the treasure of my Brow)  
Then hurle my selfe, and it, a Sacrifice  
In hallowid flames, to her departed Eyes.  
'Cause early Men, their Curtaines draw, and say,  
Behold the Sunne is risen, now 'tis day ;  
Knowing thy Sunne is set, thou swarest their fight,  
Is led by bus'nesse to a mistake of Light,

Lovers

Lovers beleeve, if yet th' Almighty cou'd  
 Doubt part of his so swift creation good ;  
 To ease him of another *Fiat*, they  
 Can with their Mistresse beames, make him a day :  
 To rule the Night, each Glance ( they thinke ) will fit  
 Planets to larghest Spheares, if wee admit  
 Their silly Priests (the Poets) be but by,  
 That love to sooth such faith t'idolatrie.  
 But how have I transgress'd, thus to declame  
 'Gainst sorrow I should envy more than blame ?  
 For what is he, though reverently old,  
 And than a Mountaine *Muscovite* more cold ;  
 Though he want Wit, or nature to desire ;  
 Though his hard heart be Ir'ne, his heart-strings  
 Or what is he, though blind, and knows no good <sup>(Wire:</sup>  
 Of love, but by an itchtng faith in's blood,  
 That when thy Tongue her beauty open layes  
 To mentall view, and her soft minde displays,  
 Will thinke thy grieve was over-pay'd, or yet  
 Bate the world one Sigh, of so just a debt ?  
 But she is gone ! Repine now, if you dare ;  
 Like Heav'ns unlicenc'd Fooles, all punish'd are

For

For Nature as for crimes ; yet cannot choose  
 But mourne for ev'ry excellence wee loose;  
 Though still commanded to a tame content ;  
 To thinke no good was given us, but lent :  
 And a fond riddle in Philosophy,  
 Perswades us too ; the virtuous never dye ;  
 That all the ills, which wee in absence finde  
 Concerne the Eye-sight onely, not the Minde :  
 But Lovers (whose wise Sences take delight  
 In warme contraction, and in reall sight )  
 Are not with leane imagination fed,  
 Or satisfi'd, with thinking on the Dead.  
 'Tis fit wee seeke her then ; but he that finds  
 Her out, must enter friendship with the Winds ;  
 Enquire their dwelling, and uncertaine walks ;  
 Whither they blow, from their forsaken Stalks  
 Flowr's that are gone, ere they are smelt ? or how  
 Dispose o'th sweeter Blossoms of the Bough ?  
 For She (the Treasureffe of these) is fled,  
 Not having the dull leasure to be dead ;  
 The rich, that will owne them, what e're they pay,  
 Shall finde, 'tis twice a weeke Star chamber day.





## To *Endimion* Porter.

**I**T is (Lord of my Muse and heart) since last  
 Thy fight inspir'd me, many ages past.  
 In darknesse thick as ill-met Clouds can make,  
 In sleeps wherein the last Trump scarce could wake  
 The guiltlesse dead, I lay, and hidden more  
 Than Truth, which resty Controvers explore.  
 More hid than paths of Snakes, to their deep beds,  
 Or walkes of Mountaine-Springs from their first  
 And when my long forgotten Eies, and Mind, (Heads :  
 Awak'd ; I thought to see the Sunne declin'd  
 Through age , to'th, influence of a Starre, and Men  
 So small, that they might live in Wombes agen,  
 But now, my strength's so giantly, that were  
 The great Hill-lifters once more toying here ;  
 Theyl'd choose me out, for active Back, for Bone,  
 To heave at *Pelion* first, and heave alone-

Now

Now by the softnesse of thy noble care,  
 Reason and Light, my lov'd Companions are ;  
 I may too, ere this Moone be lost, refine  
 My bloud, and bathe my Temples with thy wine :  
 And then, know my *Endimion* ( thou, whose name  
 To'th World example is, Musick to fame )  
 I'll trie if Art, and Nature, able be  
 From the whole strenght, and stock of Poesie,  
 To pay thee my large debts ; such as the poore  
 In open Blushes, hidden Hearts restore.

Epitaph

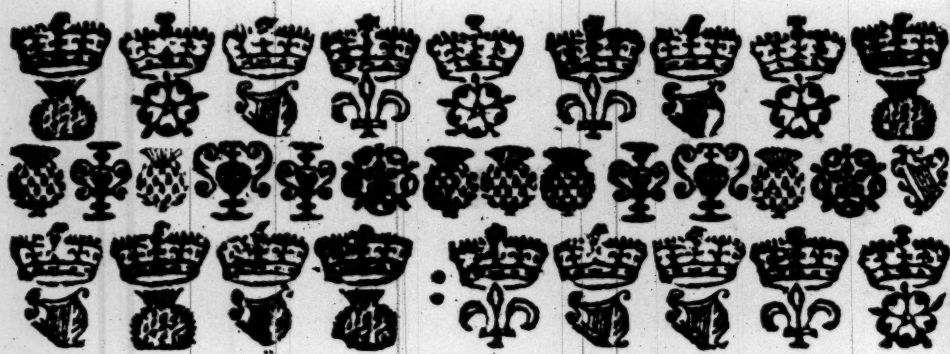


## Epitaph, on I. Walker.

**E**Nvy'd, and lov'd, here lies the Prince of mirth!  
 Who laugh'd, at the grave bus'nesse of the Earth,  
 Look'd on ambitious States-men with such eyes,  
 As might discerne them guilty, could not wise.  
 That did the noyse of Warr, and Battailles heare,  
 As mov'd to smiling pittie, not to feare:  
 Thought fighting Princes at their dying sad;  
 Beleev'd, both Victors, and the Conquer'd mad:  
 Might have been rich, as oft as he would please,  
 But wayes to Wealth, are not the wayes to Ease.  
 The wit, and courage of his talke, now rests,  
 In their impatient keeping that steale Jeasts;  
 His Jeasts, who e're shall Father, and repeat  
 Small mem'ry needs, but let's estate be great,  
 Danger so season'd them, each hath Salt left,  
 Will yet undoe the poore for one small theft;  
 The rich, that will owne them, what e're they pay,  
 Shall finde, 'tis twice a weeke Star-Chamberday.

To





To Doctor *Cademan*,  
Physitian to the Queene.

**F**Or thy Victorious cares, thy ready heart ;  
Thy so small tyranny to so much Art ;

For visits made to my disease

And me, (Alas) not to my Fees :

For words, so often comforting with scope

Of learned reason, not perswasive hope :

For Med'cines so benigne, as seeme

Cordials for Easterne Queenes that teeme.

For setting now my condemn'd body free,

From that no God, but Devill *Mercurie* :

For an assurance I ne're shall

A forfeit be to'th Admirall

Like

Like those in Hospitals, who dare presume  
 To make French Cordage now of English Rhume ;  
 Or slender Ropes, on which, instead  
 Of Pearle, revolted Teeth they thred ;  
 For limitting my Cheekes, that else had beene  
 Swolne like the signe, o'th Head 'oth *Saracen* ;  
 For preservation from a long  
 Concealement of my Mother-Tongue ;  
 Whilst speechlesse, sow'd in Hoods, I should appeare,  
 An Antarminian, silenc'd Minister ;  
 Or some Turks poyson'd Mute ; so fret  
 So some at mouth, make signes, and spet.  
 Whilst all I eate, goes downe, with lookes to fight  
 More forc'd, than Quailes t'each full-cramm'd *Isralite*  
 Whose angry swollowing denotes  
 They lay at Flux, and had fore throats.  
 For these deliverances: and all the good  
 My new returne of Senses, strength, and blood,  
 Shall bring, for all I mine can boost,  
 Whilst my *Endimion* is not lost,  
 By'th feeble influence of my Starre ; or turnes  
 From me, to one whose Planet cleerer burnes,

May

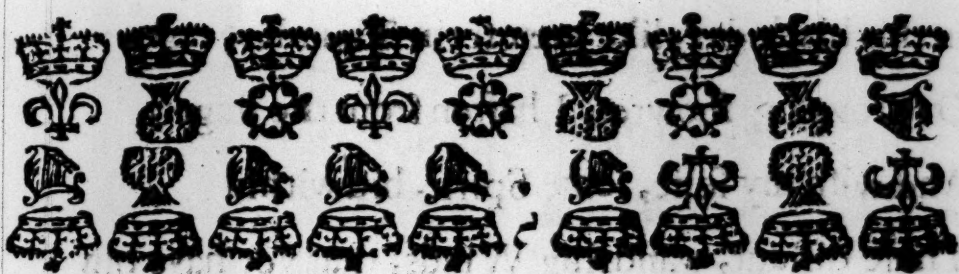
May (thou safe Lord of Arts) each spring  
 Ripe plenty of Diseases bring  
 Unto the Rich; they still t'our Surgeons be  
 Experiments, Patients alone to thee:  
 Health, to the Poore; lest pittie shou'd  
 ( That gently stirs, and rules thy blood)  
 Tempt thee from wealth, to such as pay like mee  
 A Verse; then thinke, they give Eternity.

---

TO

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To *Endimion* Porter,  
 When my Comedy (call'd the  
 Wits) was presented at Black-  
 Fryers.

H Eare, how for want of others grieve, I mourne  
 My sad decay, and weepe at mine owne Urne !  
 The Hou'rs (that ne're want Wings, when they should  
 To hasten Death, or lead on Destinie, ) (fly  
 Have now fulfill'd the time, when I must come  
 Chain'd to the Muses Barre, to take my doome :  
 When ev'ry Terme, some tim'rous Poet stands,  
 Condemn'd by whispers, e're repriv'd by hands.  
 I that am told conspiracies are laid,  
 To have my Muse, her Arts, and life betray'd ,  
 Hope for no easie Judge ; though thou wert there,  
 T'appease, and make their judgements lesse severe.

In this black day, like men from Thunders rage,  
 Or drowning showres, I hasten from the stage ;  
 And wish my selfe, some Spirit, hid within  
 Those distant, wandring Winds, that yet have bin  
 Unknowne to'th Compasse, or the Pilots skill;  
 Or some loose Plume so low, untill  
 I touch where roots of Rocks deep bury'd be ;  
 There mourne, beneath the leafelesse Corall Tree.  
 But I am growne too tame ! what need I feare,  
 Whilst not to passion, but thy reason cleere ?  
 Should I perceive, thy knowledge were subdu'd,  
 T'unkinde consent with the harsh Multitude,  
 Then I had cause to weep ; and at thy Gate  
 ( Deny'd to enter ) stand disconsolate,  
 Amaz'd, and lost to mine owne Eyes ; there I  
 ( Scarce griev'd-for by my selfe ) would winke and die.  
*Olivia* then, may on thy pittie call  
 To bury me, and give mee funerall.

# In celebration of the yearly Preserver of the Games COTSVV ALD.

**H**Eare me you Men of strife ! you that have bin ,  
Long time maintain'd by the dull Peoples sin.

At *Lyon's*, *Furnifold's*, and *Clement's* Inne !

With huge, o're-comming Mutton, Target-Cheese,  
Beefe, that the queasie stomach'd Guard would please,  
And limber Groats, full halfe a Score for Fees.

Heare you Grown'd Lackeys that on both sides plead ;  
Whose hollow Teeth, are stuff'd with others Bread ;  
Whose Tongues will live (sure) when your selves are  
( dead.

Heare you *Alcaldos*, whose sterne faces looke,  
Worse than your Pris'ner's that's deny'd his Booke ;  
Than *Pilat* painted like a scalded Cooke.

Lift all that toyle for pow'r to doe Men wrong,  
With pensive Eare, to my prophetick Song !  
Whose Magick sayes, your Triumphs hold not long,  
The



The time is come, you on your selves shall sit ;  
 Whilst Children finde (if they endeavour it )  
 Your learning, Chronicle ; Clinches, your Wit.

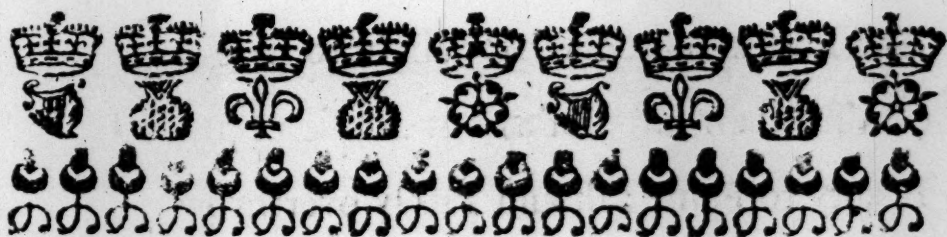
Ere you a Yeare are dead, your Sonnes shall watch,  
 And roare all night with Ale, in house of Thatch ;  
 And spend, 'till Swords are worne in Belts of Match.

Whilst *Dover* (that his knowledge not imploy's  
 T' increase his Neighbors Quarrels, but their Joyes)  
 Shall in his age ; get Mony, Girles, and Boyes !

Mony, at *Cotswald* Games shall yearely fly ;  
 Whilst the *Precise*, and envious shall stand by,  
 And see his Min'rall Fountaine never dry.

His Girles, shall dower'-lesse wed with Heires of birth;  
 His Boyes, plough London Widowes up like earth  
 Whilst *Potswald* Bards Cartoll their Nuptiall Mirth !

*Dover* ( the Gentr'ys Darling ) know this flame,  
 Is but a willing tribute to thy Fame,  
 Sung by a Poet, that conceals his name.



# On the Death , of the Lady Marquesse of WINCHESTER.

**I**N care, lest some advent'rous Lover may  
 (T'increase his love) cast his owne Stock away ;  
 I (that finde, th' use of grieve is to grow wise)  
 Forbid all traffique now 'twene Hearts, and Eyes :  
 Our remnant-love, let us discreetly save,  
 Since not augment ; for Love, lies in the Grave.  
 Lest Men ; whose patience is their senses sloth,  
 That only live, t'expect the tedious growth  
 Of what the following Sommer slowly yeelds ;  
 Whose faire *Elizium*, is their furrow'd Fields ,  
 Lest these, should so much prize mortalitie ;  
 They ne're would reach the wit, or faith to die ;  
 Know, Summer comes no more ; to the dark bed  
 Our Sonne is gone ; the hopefull Spring is dead.

E

And

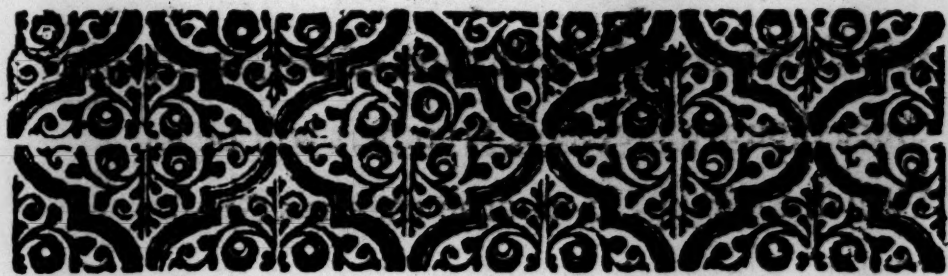
And least kind Poets that delight to raise  
( With their just truths, not extasie of praise )  
Beauty to Fame ; should rashly overthrow  
The credit of their Songs ; I let them know  
Their Theame is lost ; so lost, that I have griev'd,  
They never more can praise, and be believ'd.

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To

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To *Endimion* Porter, upon  
his recovery from a long  
Sicknesse.

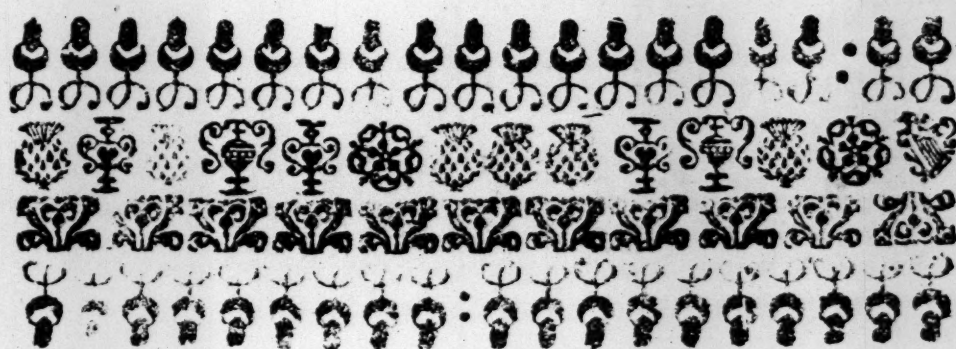
**I**ust so the Sunne doth rise, as if last Night  
He cal'd t' accompt the Moone, for all the light  
Shee ever ow'd ; now looks so full of scorne,  
And pride ; as she had paid him all this Morne !  
So cleare a day, timely foretells ; I now  
Shall scape those clouds, that hung upon my Brow  
Whilst I thy sicknesse mourn'd ; and lesse did sleep  
Than faithfull Widowes, that sincerely weep.  
A true presage ! My hopes no sooner tell  
What they desir'd, but strait I finde thee well.  
Bless'd be the Stars ; whose pow'rfull influence  
Our healths, by Minerals, and Herbs dispence !  
And that's their chiefeest use : who thinks that Fate  
So many Stars did purposely create.

E z

And

And them so large, meerly for show, and light ;  
Concludes, it tooke lesse care, of Day, than Night.  
Since thou art safe, those Numbers will be lost,  
Which I laid up, to mourne thee as a Ghost :  
Unlesse I spend them on some Tragick Tale,  
Which Lovers shall beleewe, and then bewaile :  
Next Terme, prepare thee for the Theater !  
And untill then, reserve thy skilfull Eare ;  
For I will sing imagin'd Tragedie,  
'Till Fates repent their essence is so high  
From passion rays'd , 'cause they can ne're obtaine  
To taste the griefs, which gentle Poets feigne.

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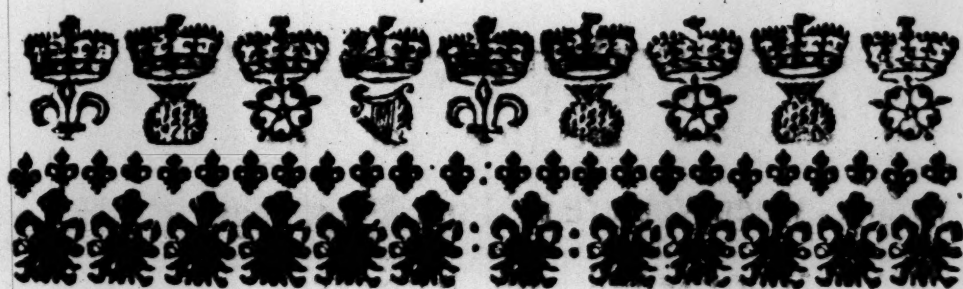
Upon the nuptials, of  
*Charles, Lord Herbert.*  
 and the Lady *M. Villers.*

**R**oses 'till ripe, and ready to be blowne,  
 Their beauty hide, whilst it is yet their owne,  
 'Tis ours but in expectance, whilst th'are green;  
 And bashfully they blush when first 'tis seene:  
 As if to spread their beauty were a crime;  
 A fault in them, not in all-ripening-Time.  
 So stands (hidden with Vayles) in all her pride  
 Of early flourishing, the bashfull Bride!  
 And 'till the Priest, with words devoutly said,  
 Shall ripen her a Wife, that's yet a Maid,  
 Her Vaile will never off: so modest still,  
 And so exprefs'd by Nature, not by skill,



That sure she dress'd her lookes when she did rise,  
 Not in her Glasse, but in her Mother's Eyes.  
 The jolly Bridegrome stands, as he had t'ane  
 And led, Love strongly fetter'd in a Chaine :  
 Forgetting when her Vailes are lay'd a side,  
 Himselfe is but a Captive to the Bride.  
 The Priest now joynes their hands, and hee doth finde  
 (By mysterie divine, in both one minde,  
 Mix'd, and dispers'd ; his spirits strait begin  
 (As they were rap't) to vex, and talke within :  
 His Temples sweat, whilst he stood silent by,  
 Nor as prepar'd to blesse, but prophesie :  
 What needed more ? since they must needs possesse,  
 All he fore-told, though he should never blesse :  
 And blessing unto such at most restores,  
 Or but repeats what was their Ancestors.

Prologue



Prologue to a reviv'd Play  
of Mr. *Fletchers*, call'd *The*  
*Woman-hater*.

**L**adies take't as a secret in your Eare,  
In stead of homage, and kind welcome here,  
I heartily could wish, you all were gone ;  
For if you stay , good faith, wee are undone.  
Alas ! you now expect, the usuall wayes  
Of our addresse, which is your Sexes praise :  
But wee to night, unluckily must speake,  
Such things will make your Lovers-Heart-strings  
Bely your Virtues, and your beauties staine, <sup>( breake</sup>  
With words, contriv'd long since, in your disdaine.  
T'is strange you stirre not yet ; not all this while  
Lift up your Fannes to hide a scornfull smile :  
Whisper, or jog your Lords to steale away ;  
So leave us t'act, unto our selves, our Play :

Then sure, there may be hope, you can subdue,  
Your patience to endure, an Act, or two :

Nay more, when you are told our Poets rage  
Pursues but one example, which that age

Wherein he liv'd produc'd ; and we rely  
Not on the truth, but the varietie.

His Muse beleev'd not, what she then did write ;  
Her Wings, were wont to make a nobler flight ;  
Soar'd high, and to the Stars, your Sex did raise ;  
For which, full Twenty yeares, he wore the Bayes.

'Twas hee reduc'd *Evadne* from her scorne,  
And taught the sad *Aspasia* how to mourne ;  
Gave *Arethusa's* love, a glad releefe ;  
And made *Panthea* elegant in griefe.

If these great Trophies of his noble Muse,  
Cannot one humor 'gainst your Sex excuse  
Which we present to night ; you'll finde a way  
How to make good, the Libell in our Play :  
So you are cruell to your selves ; whilst he  
( Safe in the fame of his integritie )

Will be a Prophet, not a Poet thought ;  
And this fine Web last long, though loosely wrought,  
To





To *Endimion* Porter.  
 passing to Court to him,  
 by water.

---

O D E.

( I )

**T**He truth and wisdom of your *Compass* boast  
 (Dall Men of th Sea! ) when you the flow'rie  
 Have reach'd, to which you steere ; ( Coast  
 Thinke then, those Clouds are shrunke againe,  
 That swell'd, as if they hoorded Rayne  
 For all the Yeare.  
 Thinke then, those ruder Winds are dumbe,  
 That would endeavour Stormes to come ;  
 And that the Rocks no more  
 (As they were wont ) shall hide themselves,  
 To practise mischief on the Shelves  
 So neere the shore.

E 5

Into

## ( 2 )

Into the Silver Flood I lanch'd ; and fraught  
My bark with Hope the Parasite of thought :

To Court my voyage tends ;  
But hope grew sick, and wish'd me feare,  
The Bark would split, that harbour'd there  
To trade for Friends.

Wise Love, that sought a noble choyce  
To tune my Harp, and raise my Voyce,  
Forbids my Pinnace rest,  
Till I had cur'd weake Hope agin,  
By safely Anchoring within  
*Endimion's Brest.*

## ( 3 )

*Endimion* ! who, with Numbers sweet can move  
Soules ( though untun'd ) to such degrees of love ;  
That men should sooner see,  
Th'inticed Needle disobey  
The tempting Adamant, than they  
His Poesie :

And

And I (exalted now,) ne're minde  
 Their breath, who storm'd, t'increase the Winde  
     By which th'are overthrowne ;  
 Their Stock of rage, and Lyrick Skill,  
 They boast in vaine ; the Poets Hill  
     Is all mine owne.



Elegie







## Elegie on *B. Haselrick*, slaine in's youth, in a Duell.

**N**OW in the blind, and quiet age of Night,  
 So dark as if the funerall of Light  
 Were celebrated here ; whither with slow,  
 Unwilling feet, sad Virgins doe you goe ?  
 Where have you left your reason, and your feare ?  
 What meanes those Violets that downe-ward weare  
 Their heads, as griev'd, since thus imploy'd they grew ?  
 Lilies, search'd by your lookes, to their pale hew !  
 Roses, that lost their blushes on the Bough,  
 And Laurell stolne from some dead Poets Brow ?  
 These, and your looser Haire, shew that you come  
 To scatter both, on that relenting Tombe.  
 But stay ! by this moyst pavement it appeares,  
 Some Ladies have beene earli'r here with Teares,  
 Than I, or you ; and we can guesse no more,  
 Those that succeed, by these that drop'd before ;  
Than.

Than by the Dew, false in a Cowslips wombe,  
 Heav'n's Treasure of Showrs that are to come.  
 The Curtain's drawne! look there and you shall spie  
 The faded God of your Idolatrie!

Cold as the feet of Rocks, silent in shade  
 As Chaos lay, before the Winds were made.  
 Yet this was once the Flow'r, on whom the Day  
 So smil'd, as if he never should decay:  
 Soft, as the hands of Love, smooth as her brow;  
 So young in shew, as if he still should grow;  
 Yet perfected with all the pride of strength,  
 Equall in Limbs, and square unto his length:  
 And though the jealous World hath understood,  
 Fates only Seal'd the first creation good;  
 This moderne worke (sterne Fates!) rose up to prove  
 Your ancient skill retayn'd, but not your love:  
 Could you have lov'd, you had with carefull sight  
 Preserv'd, what you did frame with such delight.]

O, let me summe his crimes, let me relate  
 Them strictly as his Judge, not Advocate;  
 And yet the greatest number you shall finde  
 Were errors of his youth, not of his minde:

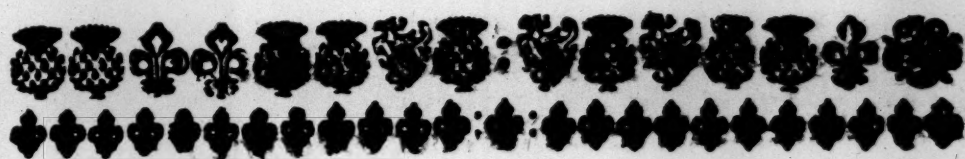
For

For had his jealous courage bin so wise,  
As to beleewe it selfe, not others Eyes ;  
Had he not thought his little patience tame  
In suff'ring quiet Men, t'enjoy a Fame ;  
He might have liv'd to so great use, that I  
Had writ his Acts, and not his Elegie.  
Goe, gentlest of your Sex ! should I relate  
With bolder truth, th'unkindnesse of his Fate,  
(Too strict, to flesh and blood) I might infuse  
A Schisme in your Religion, and my Muse :  
Yet this would be excus'd, since all wee gaine  
By grieve, is but the licence to complaine.

---

TO





TO  
THE QUEENE,  
upon a New-yeares day.

**Y**OU of the Guard make way ! and you that keep  
 The *Presence* warme, and quiet whilst you sleep  
 Permit me passe ! and then (if any where  
 Imploy'd) you Angels that are busi't here,  
 And are the strongest Guard, although unscene,  
 Conduct me neere the Chamber of the *Queene* !  
 Where with such reverence as Hermits use  
 At richest Shrines, I may present my Muse :  
 Awake ! salute, and satisfie thy sight,  
 Not with the fainting Sun's, but thine owne Light !  
 Let this day breake from thine owne Silken spheare,  
 This Day, the birth, and Infant of the yeare !  
 Nor is there need of *Purple*, or of *Lawne*  
 To vest thee in, were but thy Curtaines drawne,

Men

Men might securely say, that it is morne,  
 Thy Garments serve to hide, not to adorne !  
 Now she appeares, whilst ev'ry looke, and smile,  
 Dispences warmth, and beauty through our Isle :  
 Whilst from their wealthiest Caskets, Princes pay  
 Her gifts, as the glad tribute of this Day !  
 This Day ; which Time shall owe to her, not Fate ;  
 Because her early Eies, did it create.  
 But O ! poore Poets ! Where are you ? why bring.  
 You not your Goddesse now an Offering ? (flow,  
 Who makes your Number Swift, when they mov'd  
 And when they ebb'd, her influence made them flow,  
 Alas ! I know your wealth : the Laurell bough,  
 Wreath'd into Circles, to adorne the Brow,  
 Is all you have : But goe ; these strew, and spread,  
 In sacrifice, where ever shee shall tread,  
 And ere this day grow old, know you shall see  
 Each Leafe become a Sprig, each Sprig a Tree.



Elegie,  
On *Francis* Earle of  
RUTLAND.

**C** All not the Winds ! nor bid the Rivers stay !  
For though the sighs, the teares they could repay  
Which injur'd Lovers, Mourners for the Dead,  
Captives, and Saints, have breath'd away, and shed ;  
Yet wee should want to make our sorrow fit  
For such a cause, as now doth silence it.

*Rutland* ! the noble, and the just ! whose name  
Already is, all History, all Fame !

Whom I ke brave Ancestors in Battaile lost,  
Wee mention not in pittie, but in boast !

How did'st thou smile, to see the solemne sport,  
Which vexes busie greatnesse in the Court ?

To observe their lawes of faction, place and Time,  
Their precepts how, and where, and when to climbe ?

Their rules, to know if the sage meaning lies,

In the deepe Breast, i'th shallow Brow, or Eyes ?

Though

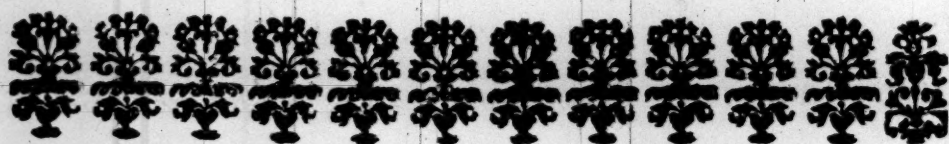


Though Titles, and thy blood, made thee appeare,  
 (Oft' gainst thy ease) where these state-Rabbins were,  
 Yet their philosophie thou knew'st was fit,  
 For thee to pittie, more then study it.  
 Safely thou valu'dst Cunning, as 'thad bin,  
 Wisdome, long since, distemper'd into Sin:  
 And knew'st, the actions of th' Ambitious are  
 But as the false Al'armes in running warre,  
 Like forlorne Scowts (that raise the coyle) they keep  
 Themselves awake, to hinder others sleepe:  
 And all they gaine, by vex'd expence of breath;  
 Unquietnesse, and guilt; is at their death,  
 Wonder, and mighty noyse; whilst things that be  
 Most deare and pretious to Mortalitie  
 (Time, and thy Selfe) impatient here of stay,  
 With a grave silence, seeme to steale away;  
 Depart from us unheard, and wee still mourne  
 In vaine (though piously) for their returne.  
 Thy Bounties if I name; I'le not admit,  
 Kings when they love, or wooe, to equall it:  
 It shew'd like Natur's selfe, when she doth bring  
 All she can promise by an early Spring:

Or

Or when she payes that promise where she best  
 Make Summers for Mankind ; in the rich East.  
 And as the wise Sunne, silently imployes  
 His lib'rall Beames, and ripens without Noyse ;  
 As precious Dewes, doe undiscover'd fall,  
 And groweth, insensibly doth steale on all ;  
 So what he gave, conceal'd in private came,  
 (As in the dark) from one that had no name ;  
 Like Fayries wealth, not given to restore,  
 Or if reveal'd, it visited no more.

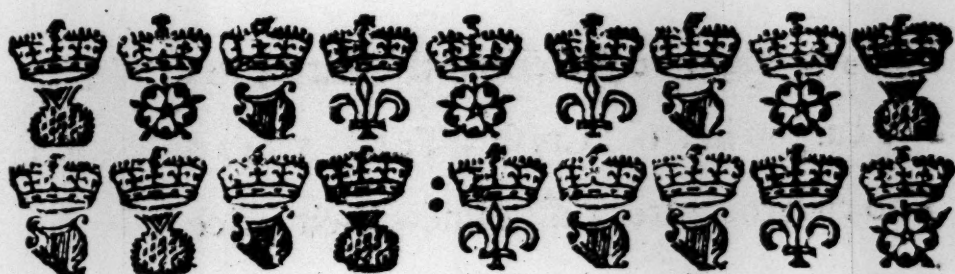
If these live, and be read (as who shall dare  
 Suspect, Truth, and thy Fame, immortall are ? )  
 What need thy noble Brother, or faire She,  
 That is thy selfe, in purest imagrie ;  
 Whose breath, and Eyes, the sun'rall-spie, and flame  
 Continue still, of gentle *Buckingham*;  
 What need they send poore Pioners to grone,  
 In lower Quarries for Corinthian stone ?  
 To dig in *Parian Hills* ? since statues must,  
 And Monuments, turne like our selves to dust :  
 Verse, to all ages can our deeds declare,  
 Tombs, but a while shew where our Bodies are.



## To *Endimion* Porter.

**W**ould thou wert dead ! so strictly dead to me,  
 That nor my sight, nor my vex'd memorie  
 Could reach thee more : so dead, that but to name  
 Thou wert, might give the sawcie lie to Fame ;  
 That the bold Sonnes of Honour, and the milde  
 Race of Lovers (both thy disciples stil'd)  
 Might aske ; who could the first example bee  
 To all their good ? yet none should mention thee.  
 Knocking at my Brest, when this hou'r is come ;  
 I hope, I once shall finde my heart at home.  
 Say thou art dead ; yet whisper't but to me ;  
 For should thy so well-spent mortalitie,  
 End to the world, and that sad end be knowne ;  
 I might (perhaps) still live, but live alone :  
 The better world would follow thee, and all  
 That I should gaine, by that large Funerall.  
 Would be, the wanton vanitie to boast,  
 What they enjoy, was from my plenty lost.





# To the Countesse of *Carlile*, on the death of The Earle her Husband.

**T**His Cypresse folded here ; in stead of Lawne,  
 These Tapers winking, and these Curtaines  
 What may they meane ? unlesse to qualifie (drawne ;  
 And check the lusture of your Eye, you'll trie  
 To honour darknesse, and adorne the Night,  
 So strive, thus with your Lord, to bury Light.  
 Call back, your absent Beauties to your care,  
 Though clouded, and conceal'd, wee know you are  
 The Morning's early't Beame, life of the Day,  
 The Ev'ns last comfort, and her parting Ray !

But why these Teares, that give him no reliefe,  
 For whom you waste the virtue of your griefe ?

Such

Such, as might be prescrib'd the Earth, to drinke  
 For cure of her old Curse ; Teares you would thinke  
 Too rich too water (if ye knew their price)  
 The chiefeſt *Plant* deriv'd from *Paradiſe*.  
 But O ! where is a *Poets* faith ? how farre  
 We are miſſ-led ? how falſe we Lords of Numbers are  
 Our Love, is paſſion, our Religion, rage !  
 Since, to ſecure that mighty heritage  
 Entail'd upon the *Bay*, ſee how I ſtrive  
 To keepe the glory of your looks alive ;  
 And to perſwade your gloomy Sorrows thence,  
 As ſubt'ly knowing, your kind influence  
 Is all the pretious ſtock, left us t'inspire,  
 And feed the flame, of our eternall fire.

But I recant : 'Tis fit you mourne a while,  
 And winke, untill you darken all this Isle ;  
 More fit, the *Bay* ſhould wither too, and be  
 Quite loſt, than he depriv'd your obſequie :  
 He that was once your Lord ; who ſtrove to get  
 That title, cauſe nought elſe, could make him great,  
 A ſtile, by which his name he did preferre  
 To have a day, i'th *Poets* Kalender.

His youth was gentle, and dispos'd to win,  
 Had so much courtship in't, 'twas his chiefe sin;  
 Yet sure, although his courtship knew the way  
 To conquer Beauty; it did ne're betray.  
 When wise with yeares, these soft affaires did cease:  
 He whisper'd War abroad, then brought home Peace,  
 He was supreme Ambassador, and went  
 To be that Prince, whom Leigers but present;  
 And soone with easie ceremonies got,  
 What they did loose with care, and a deep plot:  
 Cheerefull his age; not tedious or severe,  
 Like those, who being dull, would grave appeare;  
 Whose guilt, made them the soule of Mirth despise,  
 And being fullen, hope men think them wise:

Yet he that kept his Virtues from decay,  
 Had that about him needs must weare away:

The daily less'ning of our life, shewes by  
 A little dying, how out-right to die:

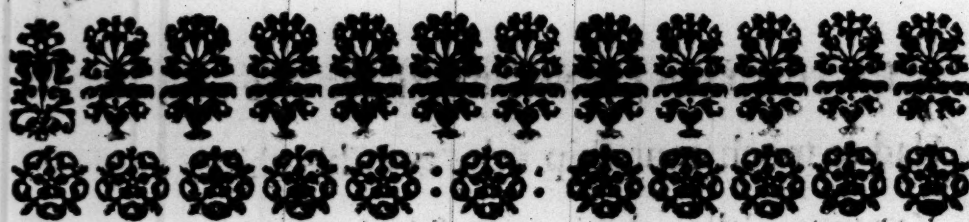
Observe the Morning, Noone, and Evening Sunne:

Then (Madam) you that saw his Hou'r-glasse runne,  
 In wiser faith, will not be more oppress'd

To see the last sand fall, than all the rest.

Epilogue

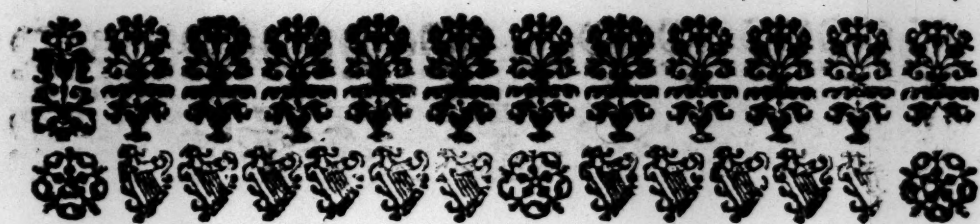




Epilogue,  
TO  
*LOVE* and *HONOR*,  
A Tragicomedy.

**T**Roth Gentlemen, you must vouchsafe a while  
T'excuse my Mirth ; I cannot chuse but smile !  
And 'tis to thinke, how like a subtle Spie,  
Our Poet waits, to heare his destinie :  
Just i'th pav'd-Entry as you passe ; the place  
Where first you mention your dislike, or grace.  
Pray whisper softly, that he may not heare ;  
Or else, such words, as shall not blast his Eares

Epilogue



# Epilogue, To a Vacation Play at the Globe.

---

*The speaker enter'd with a Sword drawne.*

**F**OR your owne sakes (poore Soules ! ) you had not  
 Believe, my fury was so much suppress'd (best  
 I'th' heart of the last Scene, as now you may  
 Boldly, and safely too, cry downe our Play !  
 For if you dare, but Murmure one false Note,  
 Here in the House, or going to take Bote ;  
 By Heav'n I'll mowe you off with my long Sword ;  
 Yeo'man, and Squire, Knight, Lady, and her Lord !  
 With reason too ; for since my whole part lies  
 I'th' Play to Kill the King's chiefe Enemies ;  
 How can you scape ? (be your owne Judges) when  
 You lay sad plots, to begger the Kings-Men.



TO  
THE QUEENE,  
upon a New-yeares day.

**T**His day, old Time, doth turne his Annuall Glasse  
 And shakes it that the Yeare may swiftly passe :  
 This day ; on which the formost leading-sand  
 Falls from that Glasse, shook by his hasty Hand :  
 That sand's th'exempler Seed, by which wee know  
 How th'Hour's of the ensuing Yeare will grow.  
 Awake, great Queene ! for as you hide, or cleere  
 Your Eyes, wee shall distrust, or like the Yeare.  
 Queenes set their Dialls by your beauties light ;  
 By your Eyes learne, to make their owne move right  
 Yet know, our expectation when you rise  
 Is not intirely furnish'd from your Eyes ;  
 But wisely wee provide, how to rejoyce,  
 In the fruition of your Breath, and Voyce :

Your



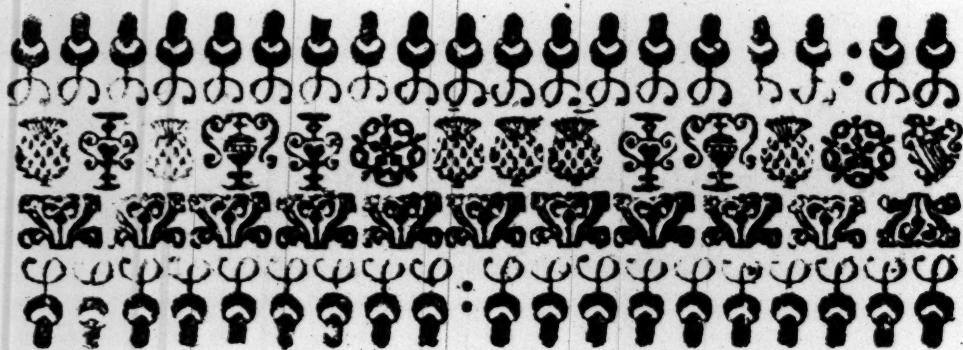
Your breath, which Nature the example meant,  
 From whence our early Blossomes take their scent ;  
 Teaching our Infant-Flow'rs how to excell  
 (*Ere strong upon their stalks*) in fragrant smell :  
 Your voyce, which can allure, and charme the best  
 Most gawdy-feather'd Chaunter of the East,  
 To dwell about your Palace all the Spring,  
 And still preserve him silent whilst you sing.  
 Rise then ! for I have heard *Apollo* sweare,  
 By that first lustre, which did fill his Spheare ;  
 He will not mount, but make eternall Night,  
 Unlesse releev'd, and cherish'd by your Sight :  
 Your sight ; which is his warmth, now he is old,  
 His Horses weary, and his Chariot cold.



E 2

To





T O  
**E D W A R D**  
 Earle of *Dorset*, after  
 his Sicknesse, and  
 happy recovery.

M Y L O R D,

**I** Find the Gentry so o're-joy'd i'th Towne,  
 As if all Prisons (safely) were rac'd downe ;  
 As if, the Judges would no more resist  
 Wrongs with the Law, but each turne Duelist ;  
 And not with statutes, but with Rapiers fence,  
 At *Mason's* ward to succour Innocence.  
 As if some trusty Poet now had bin  
 Chosen with full voyce *City-Chamberlin* ;

Their

Their Treasure kept, and might dispose of it  
 And th'Orphans Goods, as his free Muse thought fit,  
 As if grave Benchers had been seene to weare  
 Loud German Spurres, tall Feathers and long Haire.  
 Such wilde inversions, both of Men, and Lawes,  
 Amaz'd my Faith, untill I knew, the cause  
 Was your returne to health ; which did destroy  
 All grieve in greater Minds, and swell their joy :  
 Which made me gladly vow to dedicate  
 Eeach Yeare, a solemne sacrifice to Fate ;  
 Such as should please old *Esculapius* too,  
 More than dissected Cocks were wont to doe,  
 ( If there be prophecie in Wine ) and then  
 You shall be knowne to Altars, as to Men.







Written.  
 When Collonell *Goring*  
 Was beleev'd to be slaine, at the  
 siege of B R E D A.

His death lamented by  
 ENDIMION, ARIGO.

---

The Scene, the Sea:

ENDIMION.

**H**O ! Pilot! change your Course ! for know we are  
 Not guided by the Sea mans usuall Starre :  
 Storme-frighted-Foole ! dull, wat'ry Officer ?  
 Dost thou our Voyage by the Compasse steere ?  
 In all the Circle of thy Card, no Winde  
 Came or unruely, thou wilt ever finde  
 Can bring us where the meanest on the Coast  
 Immortall is, and a renowned Ghost.

ARIGO

## ARIGO.

Let the assembled Winds in their next warre,  
 Blow out the light, of thy old guiding Starre ;  
 Whilst on uncertaine Waves, thy Bark is tost,  
 Untill thy Card is rent, thy Rudder lost.

Nor Star, nor Card though with choyce Winde you  
 Your Sayles (subdu'd by Navigators skill ; )  
 Can teach the rule thy Helme, 'till 'twaft us o're  
 Pacifique Seas, to the *Elisian* Shore.

## ENDIMION,

Who on that flow'ry Land, shall search his way,  
 No mortall Pilots Compasse must obey ;  
 Nor trust *Columbus* art, although he can  
 Boast longer toyles, than he, or *Magilan* :  
 Though in Sea-perills, he could talke them dumbe,  
 And prove them lazy Criples ; bred at home,  
 By's travailes, he could make the Sunne appeare,  
 A young, and unexperienc'd Travailer.

## ARIGO.

If thou wilt steere our course, thou must rely  
 Onsome majestick, Epik-History ;

(The Poet's Compasse) ſuch as the blind Prieſt  
 In fury writ, when like an Exorcift,  
 His Numbers charm'd the Grecian Hoſt ; whoſe Pen<sup>r</sup>  
 The Scepter was, which rul'd the Soules of Men,  
 Survey his myſtick Card ; learne to what Coaſt,  
 He did transport, each brave unbody'd Ghoſt,  
 New ſhifted from his fleſh ; that valiant Crew,  
 Which fierce *Achilles*, and bold *Heſtor* ſlew ?

### ENDIMION.

Enquire, where theſe are now ? beneath what Shade,  
 In deare-bought reſt, their weary Limmes are laid,  
 That trod on rugged wayes ? for Honor ſtill  
 Leaves the ſmooth *Plaine*, t' aſcend the rough, ſteepe  
 There ſeek, the Macedonian Youth ; who knew ( Hill.  
 No worke, ſo full of eaſe, as to ſubdue :  
 Who ſcarce beleev'd his Conqueſts worthy fame,  
 Since others thought, his fortune overcame.

### ARIGO.

Neere him, the *Epire* Quarreller doth lie ;  
 Lookes, as he ſcorn'd his immortalitie,  
 Becauſe of too much reſt ; ſeemes ſtill at ſtrife  
 With Fate, for loſſe of troubles, not of life :

Grie



Griev'd that to dye, hee made such certaine hast,  
 Since being dead, the noble Danger's past.

### ENDIMION,

Neere these, goe seeke (with Mirtle over-growne)  
 The Carthaginian Victor's shady Throne ;  
 Who there, with sullen thoughts, much troubled lies ;  
 And chides, the over-carefull Destinies ;  
 That these Ambitious Neighbours thither sent  
 So long before his birth ; thus to prevent  
 Dishonour at their deaths ; O fond surmise,  
 Of one, who when but mortall was so Wise !  
 As if betimes, they hastned to a Tombe,  
 Left he b'ing borne, they had been overcome.

### ARIGO.

Neere him, the wondrous Roman doth appeare,  
 Majestick, as if made Dictator there ;  
 Where now, the philosophick Lord, would heale  
 The wound, he gave him for the Publique Weale :  
 Which he more strives to hide ; as sham'd his Eye  
 Should finde, that any wound could make him die.

## ENDIMION.

If thou, by the wise Poets Card, or starre,  
 Canst bring us where these alter'd Monarchs are;  
 Shift all thy Sayles, to husband ev'ry Winde;  
 'Till by a short swift passage we may finde,  
 Where *Sidney's* ever-blooming Throne is spread;  
 For now, since one renown'd as he is dead;  
 (*Goring*, the still lamented, and belov'd!)  
 He hath enlarg'd his Bow'r, and farre remov'd  
 His lesse Heroique Neighbours, that gave place  
 To him; the last of that soone number'd Race.

## A R I G O.

Whom he must needs delight to celebrate,  
 Because himselfe, in manners- and in Fate,  
 Was his undoubted Type & *Goring*, whose name  
 Though early up, will stay the last with Fame:

## ENDIMION.

Though *Sydney* was his Type, fulfill'd above  
 What he foretaught, of Valour, Bounty, Love:  
 Who dy'd like him, even there, where he mistook.  
 Betray'd by pittie then, to their defence,  
 Whose poverty was all their innocence:

And

And sure, if to their helpe a **Third** could come,  
 Beguild by Honour, to such Marterdome ;  
 Sufficient like these **Two** in braine, as blood ;  
 The world in time would thinke, their cause is good.

### A R I G O.

Thus he forfooke his glories being young :  
 The Warriour is unlucky, who lives long ;  
 And brings his courage in suspect ; for he  
 That aimes at honour, i'th' supreme degree,  
 Permits his Valour to be over bould,  
 Which then ne're keeps him safe, 'till he be old.

### E N D I M I O N,

His Bounty, like his Valour, unconfin'd ;  
 As if not borne to Treasure, but assign'd  
 The rents of lucky Warre ; each Day to be  
 Allow'd, the profits of a Victory !  
 Not of poore Farmes, but of the World the Lord !  
 Heire, to intestate Nations by his sword,

### A R I G O,

In Valour thus, and bounty, rays'd above  
 The vulgar height, so in designs of love ;

For



For onely gentle Love could him subdue ;  
 A noble crime, which shew'd his Valour, true :  
 It is the Souldier's test ; for just so far  
 He yeelds to Love, he overcomes in War.

### ENDIMION.

But why *Arigo*, doe we strive to raise  
 The Story of our losse, with helplesse praise ?  
 Why to this Pilot mourne, whose Eares can reach  
 Nothing lesse loud, than Winds, or Waters breach !  
 Or thinke, that he can guide us to a Coast,  
 Where wee may finde, what all the World hath lost ?

### A R I G O.

About then ! *Lee* the Helme ! *Endimion* ! see ;  
 Loose Wreaths (not of the Bay, but Cypresse Tree )  
 Our Poet weares, and on the Shore doth mourne,  
 Fearing, t'*Elizium* bound, wee can't returne,  
 Steere back ! his Verse may make those Sorrowes last  
 Which here, wee'mongst unhallow'd Sea-men waste.

To



T O  
**THE LORD**  
*Cary* of Lepington,  
 upon his translation of  
**MALVEZZI.**

**S**O swift is thought ; this Morne I tooke my flight  
 To ruin'd Babell, and return'd to Night :  
 So strong, that Time ( whose course no pow'r could  
 I have enforc'd some Forty ages back :. (slack)  
 To me, that great disorder and decay,  
 Was both begun, and consumate to Day :  
 My selfe, some strong Chaldean Mason there,  
 Still fore, with massie Stones they made me beare :  
 Just now (me thinkes,) I'me struck for some command  
 Mistooke, in words I could not understand:  
 So lasting are great Griefes, we still retaine  
 Remembrance of them, though we loose the paine :  
 And that Confusion did a grieve comprise,  
 Greatest, in that it most concern'd the Wise :

· For

For these (who best deserve the care of Fate)  
 The first great Curse, much lesse did penetrate,  
 Which makes us labour for our food so long,  
 Than that which mix'd, or cancell'd ev're tongue :  
 'Cause now we toyle, and swet for knowledg more,  
 Than for the Body's nourishment before.

Knowledge ; ere it did practise to controule,  
 No Weapon was, but Diet of the Soule ;  
 Which as her nourishments, she might enjoy,  
 Not like controverts, others to destroy:  
 And this her Food (like Milke) did nourish best,  
 'Cause it was safe, and easie to digest :  
 Which Milke, that Curse on languages turn'd fowre,  
 For men scarce taste what they could erst devoure :  
 Since now, we are preparing to be dead,  
 Ere we can halfe interpret what we read.

Yet he, that for our bodies took such care.  
 That to each Wound, there sev'rall Med'cins are ;  
 In nobler pittie, surely hath assign'd  
 A cure, for ev'ry mischiefe of the Minde :  
 So this revenge (perhaps) was but to try  
 Our patience first, and then our industry,

Since



Since he ordained, that beaution Truth should still  
 Be overcast, and hid from humane skill ;  
 Sure he affects that Warre, which School-men wage ;  
 When to know truth, doth make their knowledg, rage  
 So Truth, is much more precious than our peace ;  
 Though some fond Politicks, esteeme her lesse :  
 Lazy obedience, is to them devout ;  
 And those rebellious that dispute or doubt :

But you (my Lord) must valiantly despise  
 Their threats, that would keep knowledg in disguise;  
 And toyl with Languages to make her cleere ;  
 Which is to be a iust Interpreter.

And this selected peece, which you translate,  
 Foretells, your studies may communicate,  
 From darker Dialects of a strange Land,  
 Wisdom, that here th'unlearn'd shall understand,

What noble wonders may in time appeare,  
 When all, that's forreigne, growes domestick here ?  
 When all the scatter'd world you reconcile,  
 Unto the Speech, and Idiom of this Isle :  
 How like a gen'rall Scepter rules that Pen,  
 VVhich Mankind makes, one kind of Country-men?

To

## To Henry Farmin.

**H**OW wicked am I now? no Man can grow  
 More wicked, till he swares I am not so:  
 Since Wealth, which doth authorize men to erre,  
 Since Hope, (that is the lawfull *st* Flatterer)  
 Were never mine owne houre; yet am I loth  
 To have lesse pride, than men possess'd of both:  
 Fuller of glory, than old Victors be,  
 That thanke themselves, not Heav'n for Victorie:  
 Prouder than Kings first Mistresses, who thinke  
 Their Eies, gazing on Stars, would make Stars winke,  
 That hope, they rule not by imperiall place,  
 But by some beautilous Charter in the Face.  
 Yet this my pride, and glory, I thinke lost  
 Unlesse declar'd, and heightned with a boast,  
 Am I not bravely wicked then! and still  
 Shall worse appeare, in Nature as in will.  
 When with my Malice (the grave Wit of Sinne)  
 T'excuse my selfe, I draw the whole World in;  
 Prove all in pride, in triviall glory share;  
 Though not so harmelesse in't, as Poets are.

When:

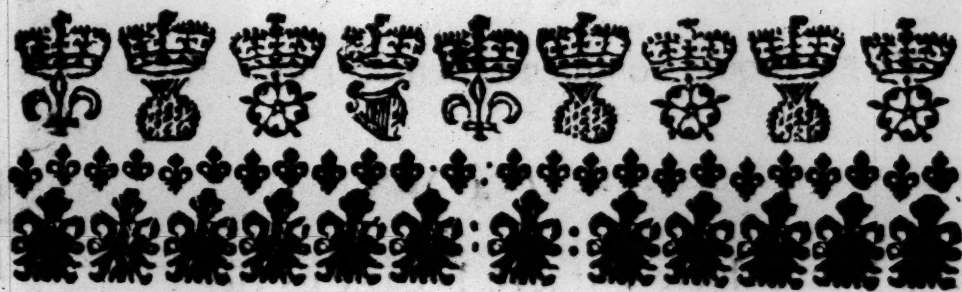
When Battailles joyne, alas ! what is't doth move  
 ('Gainst all Celestiall harmony of Love )  
 The Gallant Warriour to assault his Foe ?  
 Whose Vices, and whose Face, he ne're did know :  
 Why would he kill ? or why, for Princes fight ?  
 They quarrell more for glory, than for right :  
 The pride then he defends, he'ld punish too,  
 As if more Just in him, than in the Foe.

Th' Ambitious States-man not himselfe admires  
 For what he hath, but what his pride desires ;  
 Doth inwardly confesse, he covets sway,  
 Because he is too haughty to obey :  
 Who yeeld to him, doe not their reason please,  
 But hope, their patience may procure them ease,  
 How proudly glorious doth he then appeare,  
 Whom ev'n the Proud, envy, the humble, feare.

The Studious (that in Books so long have sought)  
 What our Wise Fathers did, or what they thought)  
 Admit not Reason to be naturall,  
 But forc'd, harsh, and uneasie unto all :  
 VVell may it be so, when from our Soul's Eyes,  
 VVith dark Schoole-Clouds, they keepe it in disguise :  
 They



They seeme to know, what they are loth t' impart ;  
 Reason (our Nature once) is now their Art :  
 And by Sophistick, uselesse-science, trie  
 T'ingage us still, to their false industry ;  
 T'untie that knot, which they themselves have ty'd,  
 And had been loose to all, but for their pride :  
 Their pride ; who rule as chiefe on earth, because  
 They only can expound, their owne hard laws,  
     Since thus, all that direct what others do,  
 Are proud ; why should not Poets be so too ?  
 Although not good, tis prosperous at least  
 To imitate the greatest, not the best,  
 Know then I must be proud ! but when I tell  
 The cause that makes my nourish'd glory swell,  
 I shall like (lucky Pensils) have the fate  
 T'exceed the Patterns which I imitate,  
 This not implies, to be more proud than they,  
 But bravely to be proud, a better way :  
 And thus (*Arigo*) I may safely climbe,  
 Rays'd with the boast, not loaden with the crime :  
 Those, with their glorious vices taken be,  
 But I (most right'ously) am proud of thee.



## To *Tho: Carew.*

(1)

**V**Pon my conscience whenso e're thou dy'est  
 (Lent)  
 (Though in the black, the mourning time of  
 There will be seen, in Kings-street (where thouly 'st)  
 More triumphs, than in dayes of Parliament.

(2)

How glad, and gaudy then will Lovers be?  
 For ev'ry Lover that can verses read,  
 Hath been so injur'd by thy Muse, and thee,  
 Ten Thousand, Thousand times, he wish'd thee dead.

(3)

Not but thy verses are as smoth, and high,  
 As Glory, Love, or wine, from wit can raise;

But

But now the Devill take such destinie !

VVhat should commend them, turnes to their  
(dispraise.

( 4 )

Thy VVit's chiefe Virtue, is become its vice ;

For ev'ry Beauty thou hast reys'd so high,

That now course-Faces carry such a price,

As must undoe a Lover, if he buy.

( 5 )

Scarce any of the Sex, admits commerce ;

It shames mee much to urge this in a Friend ;

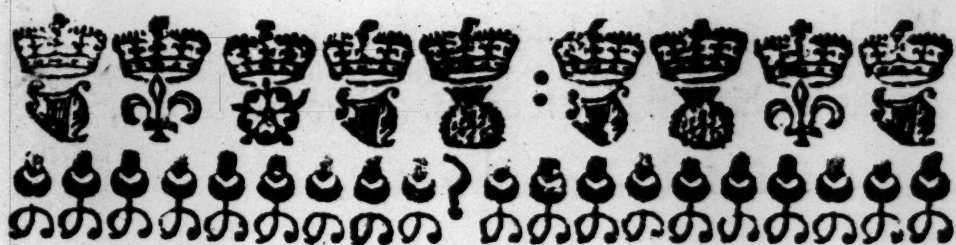
But more, that they should so mistake thy Verse,

VVhich meant to conquer, whom it did commend.



To





T O  
 Doctor *Duppa* Deane of  
 Christ-Church, and Tutor to  
 the Prince.

An acknowledgment for his col-  
 lection, in Honour of *Ben. Iohnson's*  
 memory.

**H**ow shall I sleepe to night, that am to pay  
 By a bold vow, a mighty Debt ere Day ?

VWhich all the Poets of this Island owe :

Like Paines, neglected, it will greater grow.

How vainely from my single Stock of VVit,

(As small, as is my Art, to Husband it )

I have adventur'd what they durst not doe

VWith strong confed'rate Art, and Nature too.

This Debt hereditary is, and more

Than can be be pay'd for such an Ancestor ;

VWho

Who living, all the Muses Treasure spent,  
 As if they him, their Heire, not Steward meant,  
 Forrests of Mirtle, he disforrested,  
 That neer to Helicon their shades did spread ;  
 Like Moderne Lords, w'are so of Rent bereft ;  
 Poets, and they have naught but Titles left :  
 He wasted all in wreaths, for's conqu'ring Wit ;  
 Which was so strong, as nought could conquer it,  
 But's Judgement's force, and that more rul'd the sense  
 Of what he writ, than's Fancy's vaste expence.  
 Of that he still was lavishly profuse ;  
 For joyne the remnant-wealth of ev'ry Muse,  
 And t'will not pay the Debt we owe to thee,  
 For honours done unto his Memory :  
 Thus then, he brought th'Estate into decay,  
 With which, this Debt, wee as his Heires should pay  
     As fullen Heires, when wastefull Fathers die,  
 Their old Debts leave for their posterity  
 To cleare ; and the remaining Aker's strive  
 T'injoy, to keep them pleasant whilst alive ;  
 So I (alas ! ) were to my selfe unkinde,  
 If from that little wit, he left behinde,

I simply should so great a debt defray ;  
 I'll keep it to maintaine me, not to pay.  
 Yet, for my soul's last quiet when I die,  
 I will commend it the posterity :  
 Although 'tis fear'd ('cause they are left so poore)  
 They'll but acknowledge, what they should restore :  
 However, since I now mayerne my Bayes;  
 Without the taint of flattery in prayse ;  
 Since I've the luck, to make my prayses true,  
 I'll let them know, to whom this Debt is due :

Due unto you, whose learning can direct  
 VVhy Faith must trust, what reason would suspect :  
 Teach Faith to rule, but with such temp'rate law,  
 As Reason not destroys, yet keeps't in awe :  
 VVise you; the living-Volume, which contains  
 All that industrious Art, from nature gaines ;  
 The usefull, open-Bocke, to all unty'd ;  
 That knowes more, than halfe-Knowers seeme to hide  
 And with an easie cheerefulnesse reveale,  
 VVhat they, through want, not fullennesse conceale.  
 That, to great faithlesse-VVits,, can truth dispence  
 Till't turne, their witty scorne, to reverence :



Make them confesse their greatest error springs,  
 From curious gazing on the least of Things ;  
 VVith reading Smaller prints, they spoyle their Sight  
 Darken themselves, then rave, for want of light :  
 Shew them, how full they are of subtile sinne,  
 VVhen Faith's great Cable, they would nicely spinne  
 To Reason's slender Threads ; then (falsly bold)  
 VVhen they have weakned it, cry, t'wilt not hold !

To him, that so victorious still doth grow,  
 In knowledge, and t'enforce others to know ;  
 Humble in's strength ; not cunning to beguile,  
 Nor strong, to overcome, but reconcile :  
 To Arts Milde Conqueror ; that is, to you,  
 Our sadly mention'd Debt, is justly due :  
 And now Posterity is taught to know,  
 VVhy, and to whom, this Mighty Summe they owe,  
 I safely may goe sleepe ; for they will pay  
 It all at times, although I breake my Day.

**FINIS.**

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